The SPHERE

Vol. CXXV. No. 1636 MAY 30, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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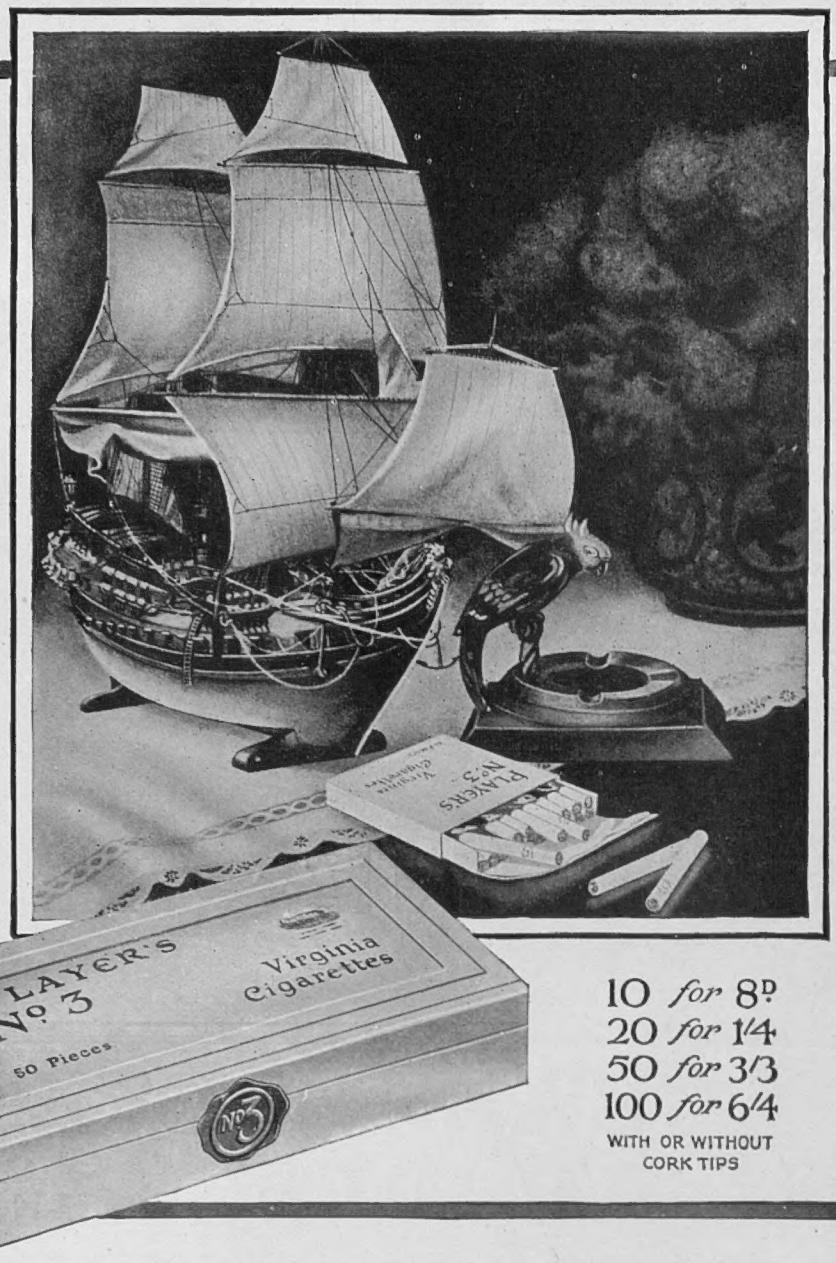

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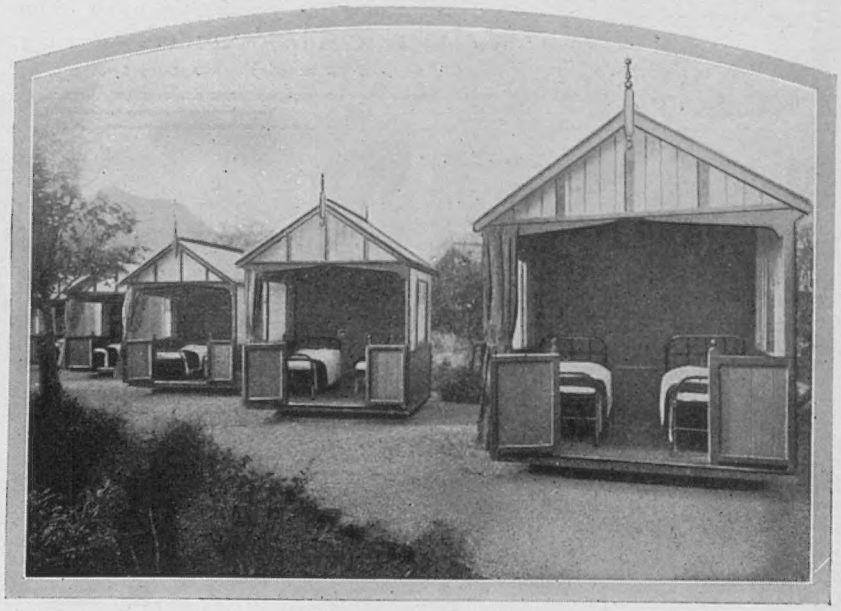
TRAVEL L·N·E·R TO SCOTLAND



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Complete, **57/-**

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly Volume CXXV No. 1636 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, May 30, 1931

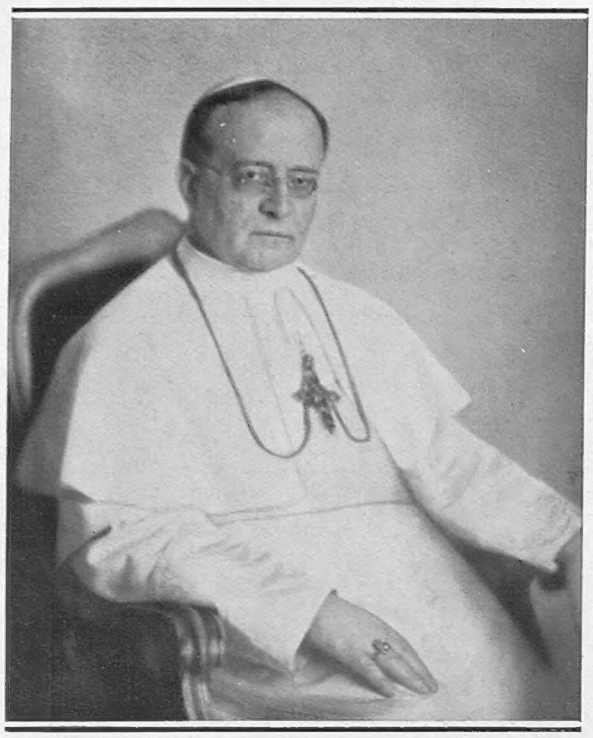
Special picture by "Sphere" Commissioner in Rouen

ROUEN HONOURS ST. JOAN

The Mayor of Rouen Kindles the "Flame of Remembrance" on the Site of the Stake: May 30, 1431 — May 30, 1931

Rouen, site of the burning of Joan of Arc by the Anglo-Burgundian alliance five hundred years ago, is staging this year a pageant in honour of La Pucelle. In the market-place a new monument has been erected to mark the site of the stake, and thereon on every day of the ceremonies last week a flame of remembrance was kindled. On the first day the rite was performed by M. Metayer, the Mayor of Rouen.

A London Newsletter



"MAN WAS BORN TO WORK": His Holiness Pope Pius XI has shattered the hopes of the Socialists for papal support in his Encyclical on World Economics, wherein he has laid it down as binding upon the Roman Church that such doctrines as those maintaining that the workers are entitled to everything are equally wrong as the theories that the economic power should be unduly concentrated. Both the individualism of the Manchester School and the collectivism of the Marx ethic are equally to be condemned, while the right of private property, conferred by the Creator on man, is pronounced inviolable. Such belief that workers are entitled to everything is described as a slow poison, with the corollary, "Man is born to work as a bird to fly." The need for a just wage is stressed, taking all factors of the situation into consideration and the destruction of the home by dividing members of a family into working units is roundly condemned. Rich and poor should accept their class differences in the spirit of true brotherhood, and workers, says the Encyclical, should feel pride in belonging to the class chosen by Christ on earth

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 27, 1931.

In London Now.—Unless you have an iron nerve and a hard head you will be unwise to go east of Blackfriars just now. To talk to, even to look at, City men is an experience which people prone to melancholia should avoid. Poor fellows, they do nothing by halves there (except work). They are either blatantly optimistic and busy or in the nethermost hell of gloom and idleness. It is hell just now. However, London is a large place, and there were cheerful scenes last week in its western quarter. Properly protected against the north-easter, you could peer at debutantes in the Mall, or gape at the lovely flower beds in Hyde Park and St. James's Park. Like summer, the London Season suddenly reached its height without any gradual transformation. The Flower Show at Chelsea, the golf championships to follow on the tape, dinners and dances galore, the Derby already a red-hot news item, polo in full swing, Ruth Draper on the way, and this year's selected Hollywood film stars doing their duty and performing their little stunts with all the verve that Press, public and publicity agents demand; the Russians dancing for us, the Germans singing for us, the Americans entertaining us, the Frenchmen eyeing our tennis trophies, the New Zealanders panicking our Test selectors, the north-easter whistling across from the ice-packs—this is indeed a fair picture of the London Season at the end of May as we have learned to recognize it. Then the curtain punctually fell and a rustic drop-scene temporarily hid the main scene, and a breath of warmer air fell like balm on the frozen actors.

Tired Men.—None welcomed the Whitsun recess more than the Government. Mr. MacDonald's recent tirades against the peers and the Conservatives were sad stuff. The vulgarity of his attack lacked the stimulus of point. It was not even topical, it was the buffoonery of Limehouse dragged out of the wardrobe, dusty and moth-eaten. Poetic justice was meted out in full measure to Mr. Lloyd George when a year or two ago the Limehouse speech was reprinted in an anthology of invective. One read it after all these years and wondered how even in Limehouse there was one found to accord to such clap-trap the tribute of a giggle. But Mr. MacDonald must not be judged harshly. He and his Government have been tried as I believe no Government in our history has been tried. The physical strain of public life under present conditions is more than human endurance can stand. Death has taken its toll of them as influenza took its toll of the tired world in 1919. These men are strained to danger point. Mr. MacDonald may demand the reform of the Second Chamber. None knows better than he that the most urgent reform in our constitution is that of the present method of governing by an unwieldy Cabinet of Ministers who are constantly at the beck and call of their constituents, their departments, and their colleagues. Sir Oswald Mosley hit the right nail on the head, though his hammer blow may have been premature.

The Pomp of Power.—Mr. Thomas is a man of sound commonsense, and some of his *obiter dicta* are as shrewd as others are humorous and highly coloured. And Mr. Thomas of late has not concealed the appalling apprehension with which Ministers view the prospect of another hectic year in office. Months ago the Government was tired out, and sincere efforts were made, as many of us know, to explore the possibilities of a Coalition Government, with the condition attached that the Socialists should be adequately represented on it. These discussions came to nothing, and it is a pity they did so. The country is drifting amid frowning rocks and hidden shoals with a crew of utterly worn out men in charge. A temporary coalition with Mr. George merely aggravates the evil. A change of Government is essential if only to relieve from their trick at the helm men physically and mentally and morally exhausted, and to make possible this vitally needed reform in the direction of a "council of five" free to devote their whole energy to the business of government, and to make one serious effort to regroup into two parties (modified protection plus economy versus Free Trade and Socialism whatever the financial consequences) our present chaos of groups and cliques. It is not the boast of heraldry but the pomp of power which demands our instant and sympathetic consideration. The pomp of power is to-day nothing but a funeral procession.

Alfonso's Millions.—With all respect to the Spanish Government, there is good authority for saying that, so far from having put away in a safe place a considerable part of his considerable private fortune, King Alfonso is practically destitute and has no means of subsistence on which to fall back when the jewels which Queen Ena brought out of Spain (and are now likely to be sold at a ruinous sacrifice) are exhausted. Nothing can justify the appropriation of any part of the private fortune of the Royal Family. Such an act strikes at the root of justice and security of property and would be a false step which the Republican Government would for ever regret. The King has as much right to the enjoyment of his private property actually in Spain, as any other citizen, as much right as has Queen Ena to the legacy left her by the Empress Eugénie. Indeed, a private citizen awaiting trial on the charge of misappropriation of funds entrusted to him is entitled to the enjoyment of his private fortune. Don Alfonso is entitled to receive more consideration from his country than a private citizen, and he is facing no official accusation at the time of writing and awaiting no official investigation into his conduct. History proves that the soundest action which the present Government in Spain can take is to allow the ex-King complete freedom to dispose of his own resources as he pleases. And no doubt this sensible and civilized course will commend itself to the Government-on-trial of a civilized country.

A Hair of the Dog.—If *Vorwaerts* is right, Herr Hitler has committed his party (to the consternation of many of them) to unqualified support for the restoration of the monarchy in Germany under the ex-Crown Prince. If properly reported, Hitler announced that "only personality and leadership, and not the principle of massed democracy, could bring about an internal transformation in Germany." Herr Hitler's general views on massed democracy and on personality and leadership are mine. Given the right leader and the ideal personality, any European country to-day might be cured of many of its sores. But there is something farcical in the notion in calling on a Hohenzollern to put things right in Germany. This surely is the oldest remedy of the dark ages of superstition, a hair of the dog that bit him. Yes, even though that hair be grey now and rarer than it was. Little Willie has learned many bitter lessons since 1914. As I write I have before me a War photograph, which I picked up in Spa, of the Kaiser and his six sons in the full panoply of war. Little Willie, complete with skull and crossbones, on his father's left hand and five more fearsome Prussian princes beyond him, all grinning. Is memory so short? Is he of the skull and crossbones the born leader to build up a nobler and a happier Germany? Then indeed I despair of democracy in any form, in any country, in any stage of evolution.

Hospital Lotteries.—The House of Commons has shown one of its rare gleams of sense in an emphatic refusal to tolerate hospital lotteries in this country. No proposal was ever more shortsighted or cowardly. Nothing could more certainly dry up the spring which has made England a green and pleasant land for so many centuries. It is the voluntary spirit in the nation which, surviving every form of discouragement which circumstance and governments could devise, has maintained as the wonder of civilization more than one unique British institution. Our system of justice is unrivalled in the world because it is 50 per cent. a voluntary system. The spirit of the public towards its hospitals is one of the most cheerful and inspiring features of social life and it is fostered by that spirit of service which hospital lotteries must inevitably kill. The hospitals are in a bad way to-day, but only the weakling concludes that this is proof that the spirit is no longer willing. The spirit is willing, but the flesh pots are empty. The public is still subscribing the same percentage of its available income to the charities it is proud to support. The hospitals are only suffering as every other institution is suffering to-day. Where is the logic, where the sense, in seeking to divert that mite from a sane and sound investment to a single throw of the dice? The House of Commons has rightly vetoed a counsel of despair, fated to discourage the nation's noblest virtue and to encourage its most noxious vice.

Signs of the Times.—The Empire Cinema in Leicester Square is to inaugurate a new amenity for the spoiled darlings of modern civilization. We have long felt that it was intolerable that we should have to wait till past noon for our day's cinema sensations and sex appeal, and now an all-wise providence in cinema land has heard our prayer, and we shall be able to swallow our breakfast in a hurry and dash off to the business of the day in Leicester Square to worship at the shrine of Joan Barry and Harold Huth. Well have London and Piccadilly Circus been named the hub of civilization. It is no jaded palate that welcomes an opportunity of breakfasting off *marrons glacés*. Another sign of the times (of a different significance) is the movement well under way to inaugurate air ambulance detachments. Surrey has the honour of leading the way *per ardua ad astra*. Indeed, the prevailing tendency of our age is to devote all the energies we can spare, from killing the soul to saving the body.

"The Front Page."—*The Front Page* is a blatant attack on a profession which in this country is held in honour, and rightly so. Our judicial system and our journalism are both institutions of which we are proud. England is the cradle of justice and journalism. Unfortunately, *The Front Page* is technically an exceedingly fine film and a clever film to boot. I have waited to see it till now because I was dying to know whether our Press would kill it or let it live. I was, in short, agog to test the power of the Press. I have seen it now. I sat in a three-parts empty house and was at once impressed, shocked, and amused by what I saw. It may be that I chose an off day, or a session unfavourable for big houses, but certainly it seemed that the Press had decided on the film's destruction. When I consider how much tripe and poison from Hollywood have been ordered by Britons and paid for at the price of decent fare in the past decade, I can't help smiling to witness this long overdue stand taken against an American film of wonderful technique and remarkable strength and a rare spice of humour. But the subject chosen and its treatment alike challenged us to do our worst, as only a secure monopoly dare challenge its public. *The Front Page* said to the British Press, "Do your worst," and the British Press, so far as I can see, did. I repeat once more there is devilish little that Britain can usefully borrow from America. Nothing certainly in the field of justice or journalism or, I think, the cinema.

Ruth Draper.—Ruth Draper has been in Paris and shows no sign yet of having exhausted her genius or her welcome. When I said goodbye to her after her last visit to England, she spoke of the great possibilities which the success of her famous Mr. Clifford sketch had opened out. She thought it would be possible for her, alone and unaided, to present a complete comedy in which perhaps half-a-dozen speaking parts would hold the stage at the same moment. She was off to America to explore the possibilities. And now she is here again and we shall shortly see what we shall see. There were among her critics and admirers last year those who thought Ruth Draper had gone far enough in virtuosity and versatility and, in taking on too much in the way of conjuring, was in danger of diluting the pure essence of her powers in comedy and tragedy. There are those who said she could never equal "The Railway Accident," or "The Procession," or even "The Italian Lesson." My own view is that Ruth Draper (even in London) should give her genius full rein and not listen to the clamour of her conservative fans for old favourites. She is one of those dynamo engines designed to work at full blast, for ever forging ahead into the virgin rock. Some may say that I know nothing about engineering, others that I know nothing about Ruth Draper.

Cook's Joy.—The "Newsletter" is not an advertisement column, thank goodness! But when something British, something good, and something new come under my personal notice, I am agog to let readers share the benefit of my experience. I am taking a leaf also out of the Prince's book in doing so. For some years, then, I have run an electric cooking-range on a tiny crude-oil plant. It worked splendidly, but the oven consumed so much juice that I began to fear for the accumulators, which had to be constantly recharged. An advertisement suggested to us an anthracite stove newly placed on the market. We investigated and took the plunge. The makers claimed to provide a perfect cooking-range, with all the advantages of electricity in cleanliness and coolness and labour-saving, which would remain continuously day and night all the year round at a fixed cooking temperature with a total annual expenditure of one ton of anthracite (or £3 5s.). The range possesses hot and slow ovens (on the latter such things as porridge, certain fruits and vegetables, etc., can be left to cook all night) and the usual hotplates and so forth, and is adequate for a household of ten. I can only say that the makers' claim was an under-statement of facts. One ton of anthracite will last more than a year. Labour is practically nil. Coolness, cleanliness, constancy and consistency are all proved to the hilt. The smile on my cook's face does the heart good. She has torn up her copy of the Domestic Servants' Charter. If any reader would like some sunshine in his kitchen, I will tell him more.

THE OLD STAGER.

PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

VICTORY: Mr. E. Martin Smith (Royal St. George's) seen at Westward Ho! with Mr. J. G. de Forest (Addington), whom he beat by one hole in the final of the Amateur Golf Championship

A ROYAL VISIT: Prince George, Lady Louis Mountbatten, and a number of other society people visited the new Canadian liner, "Empress of Britain," at Southampton in aid of the funds of the Friends of the Poor

FOUR J'S AND THEIR MOTHER: The only quadruplet stars on the stage have just come to England from New York, and are now appearing at the Palladium. They are Joan, June, Jane, and Jean Gilmartin, and are seen above with Mrs. Gilmartin. Inset above on right is a typical picture of the late Mr. S. B. (Solly) Joel, the multi-millionaire racehorse owner and diamond merchant, who died last week-end leaving £12,000,000

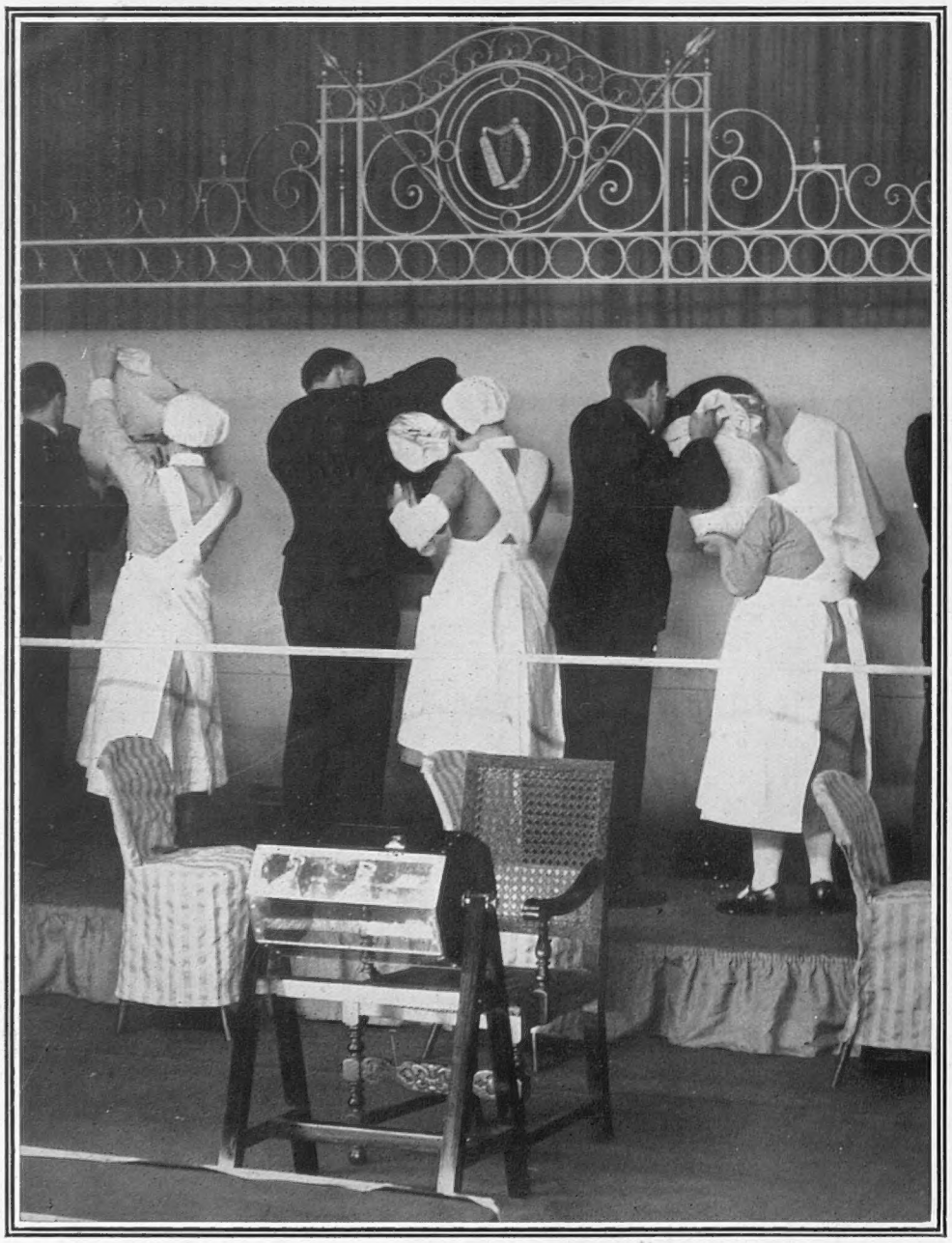
HONOURING THE BRITISH LEGION: General Gouraud, the one-armed Military Governor of Paris, welcomed at Victoria by Earl Jellicoe, the President of the British Legion. General Gouraud is taking part in the Organization's Annual National Conference

A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: Mr. Lawrence Mercer, younger son of the late Major-General Sir David Mercer and Lady Mercer, and Miss Jean Ann Chapman, the daughter of Major H. E. Chapman, Chief Constable of Kent, and Mrs. Chapman, have announced their engagement

HORSE AND NUMBER: The great cream-coloured drum with its little blue doors has revolved. A nurse has drawn a ticket and the number has been read out by the official on the left, while General O'Duffy (right) reads out the name of a horse given to him by the sister seated at the small stand with the cylinder holding the horses' names in it

THE DRUM OF FATE:

How the Draw is Made for the Irish Derby Sweepstake, the Biggest the World has Ever Seen



FILLING UP THE DRUM: The nurses discharge the counterfoils from sacks into the gigantic drum wherein they will be mixed and wherefrom they will subsequently be drawn to the delight of a few fortunate souls and the disappointment of millions. It is estimated that there will be thirty first prizes of £30,000

This description is reprinted from the "Irish Times" of March 25—when the Grand National Sweep was drawn. The procedure will be very similar in the forthcoming event.

"The arrangements for the draw were as perfect as human agency could make them, and it must be said that the setting was in keeping with the dramatic nature of the event. At a table to the left front of the stage sat General O'Duffy, who supervised the draw, and with him were two officials.

"Below the stage, at a long table, sat the chief official, the three official recorders, checkers, typists, and a group of six linguists. The typists were equipped with noiseless typewriters, and it was on these machines that the results of the draw were typed in series of ten ready for the Roneo machines.

"At a word from General O'Duffy the great counterfoil drum was revolved and stopped at the first series of doors, which were arranged and numbered in sequences of five from one to twenty. Then at his command again one nurse stood up, waved in the air a right arm that was bare to above the elbow to let the audience see that her hand held nothing. The snaplock of the first little blue door was slipped back, the door opened, and the arm inserted up to the elbow through the silk diaphragm, with its constrictible orifice, which prevented any of the counterfoils from spilling out."

During the past few days three thousand girls have been working hard in three big centres in Dublin sending out receipts for money received and dealing with the counterfoils. The task of mixing these counterfoils will be a big one, and hundreds of girls will be engaged on the work on Friday. It will be finished only when the auditors are completely satisfied that it has been as exhaustive and efficient as possible. On the basis of the figures so far available it is estimated that every 1,400 counterfoils represent one chance of winning a prize of some sort. The draw for the big prizes will probably take place to-day (Saturday), and the lesser prize-drawing will follow next week.

The following statement "by a Student of Economics" was published in "The News Chronicle" of Wednesday last, May 27, and points out in trenchant fashion what England loses by setting her official face against sweepstakes:

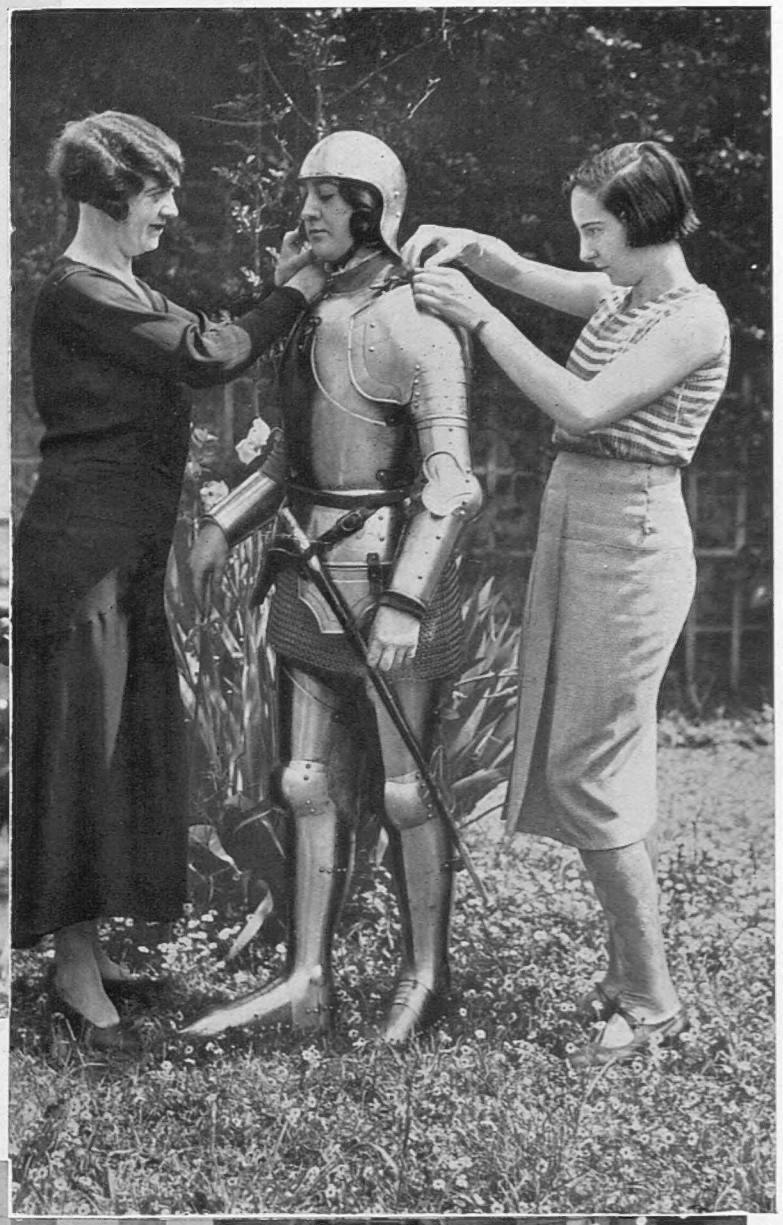
"These Irish sweepstakes are attaining dimensions which make them a significant factor in our national economy. Three-quarters of the tickets, probably, are subscribed for in this country; if that is so, we may well stand to lose, on balance, from £1,000,000 to £2,000,000 a year. (This on the assumption that the programme of three big sweeps a year is carried through.) For even if the prizes won by British subscribers are proportionate to the money put up, the money which goes in expenses and to the Irish hospitals is a dead loss as far as Britain is concerned. In short, the net loss to Britain on these Irish sweepstakes is becoming a measurable factor in our trade balance."

At the time of writing the outstanding favourites for the Derby Race were Cameronian, Pomme d'Api, Link Boy, and Goyescas

JOAN *of* ARC

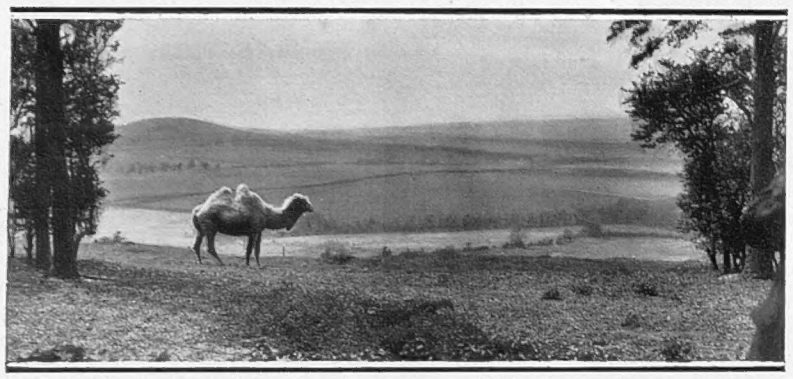
Rouen Pays Honour to the Heroine and Saint who, 500 Years Ago, was Burned in its Market Place

JOAN REVIEWS THE MODERN FRENCH ARMY: Mlle Jeannine Hamelin, the daughter of a French officer who in the military review enacted the rôle of the great French military Saint. She rode unhelmeted, but her armoured cap and her sword were carried behind her



Special pictures by "The Sphere's" Commissioner in Rouen

THE FLAME OF REMEMBRANCE: The scene in the market place at Rouen when the Mayor kindled the "flame of remembrance" (on the pillar on the extreme right of the picture). The actual site of the burning was hitherto marked only by an inadequate plaque on the side of a corrugated iron wall of the market place. The spot has now been cleared and this new pillared face added to the market. The new statue of St. Joan is seen on the left. Inset above on right *Mlle Gisele Brabant is seen being helped by her mother and her sister, Mlle Monigue Brabant, into the armour she will wear to-morrow (Sunday) when she will represent the immortal heroine in the great procession at Rouen which will prove the culminating climax of the great quinquecentennial celebrations*



SURVEYING A FAR-FROM-DESERT SCENE: The dromedary at Whipsnade regards Ivinghoe Beacon and the Chiltern Hills which, on Whit-Monday, were one solid phalanx of people

In Search of a WOMBAT *at* WHIPSNADE

A Tale of a Zoological Quest

By W. HOLT-WHITE

I had seen a diagrammatic map of Whipsnade and was both impressed and disconcerted by it. It was suggestive of vast solitudes haunted by wild beasts. Now, like the immortal Brigadier Gerard, I give place to no man in the matter of courage. It was simply because I felt that I might be a wee bit lonely among the lions that I asked "Tomski" Hodder to go with me. "Tomski" is just the companion one needs on an expedition such as this. He is a tall, frail, stooping sort of fellow, with a still, small voice; but his coolness in the face of danger has, I am sure, never been surpassed. It began as an affectation; it has hardened into a hobby. The spectacle of his nonchalantly kicking a wounded bike along a corduroy road in France, while Fritz put over an extra strafe of 5.9's, all for his especial benefit, was an exhibition of *sang-froid* which had to be seen to be believed. So "Tomski" said he would come and see the lions with me, but that what he was really after was wombats.

We left Luton and civilization by motor-bus and climbed steadily for five miles up into the Chilterns. Then we came to a crossroad where an R.A.C. man in scarlet oilskins gesticulated beside a sky-blue sentry-box. And there was a large and simple notice which said: "To the Zoo." It seemed an incongruous note, up there on the bleak hillside. But there it was. And a couple of minutes later, when we alighted, we might have been in the Regent's Park Road. A neat lodge, nice new iron gates, smart commissionaires and turnstiles. We planked down our shillings, pushed our tummies against the turnstiles, and were amid the wild beasts. At least that was the theory. The reality was an attractively laid out avenue, presided over by a mackaw on a brand-new perch.

Reassured by such park-like sanctuary, we pushed on, when from the copse on our left, came an unearthly cry. "That would be pretty ghastly at night," said "Tomski." "What was it? A wombat?"

"That, you fool," I said, "was a common or garden lawn peacock!" And it was.

At a fork in the avenue we chose the path to the left and a few yards farther on "Tomski's" hand gripped my arm with fingers which indented even my hardy biceps. He strained forward and pointed with a quivering forefinger. "Look!" he whispered.

I followed his pointing finger, thinking—like Christian—that doubtless there were "lions in the path." But what I saw was a long, low building. And instantly I realized what it was that had so moved the imperturbable "Tomski." It was a large notice which read: AMERICAN BAR. We stalked it. In the spirit I think we carried elephant rifles fitted with super bayonets. Then we rushed the door. And it was no trap. It was a real American Bar complete with bottles and a hanging card which said "Cocktails." Behind the bar was a correct-looking bar-tender in a white jacket. We thrust through the intervening horde of Press photographers busy at their work and, leaning over the bar I said; "Have you an 'Elephant's Kiss'?"

"I'm not sure," said the gentleman in the white jacket, "I only came up from Luton this morning with the beer."

"Can you mix me a 'Wandering Wombat's Hope?'" asked "Tomski."

"Don't know that one," said the bar-tender, "We've just got 'cocktails'—."

"Gin and French," I said firmly.

"Make it two," said "Tomski."

We sipped awhile.

"Gin and French," I said presently.

"Make it two," said "Tomski."

Lunch? Rather! There was a jolly nice restaurant with a nice, new-looking waiter. "Sorry," he said, politely, "But there's no hot lunch till one o'clock. But you can get a really good cold lunch in the Cloisters."

Charming idea cold lunch in the Cloisters. So to the Cloisters we went. They were of red brick and set out with neat little tables and most pleasant. The serving maid was comely. "What'll you have for lunch?" I said to "Tomski."

"Beer," said "Tomski." "A pint please."

"Have you any brisket of bison?" I asked of the serving-maid.

"I'm not sure, sir," she said. "I only came out from Luton this morning." She consulted the menu. "Oh, there's brisket of a beef," she said.

"It's a misprint," I said. "Never mind, it's what I meant. And lots of salad, please."

After lunch "Tomski," who had been glooming a bit, said: "How many miles is the place round?"

"Ten," said the serving-wench promptly.

"Oh, no," said "Tomski." "I'm sure you're wrong. It must be at least fifty."

"I'll ask the manager," she said civilly.

"It's only five," interposed the head waiter apologetically.

"Look here," said "Tomski" suddenly. "There's a bus which makes the trip round the grounds. There it is waiting now. We'll take the bus."

"No we won't, my lad," I said with decision. "You can't see wild beasts properly from a bus. Certainly you'd never spot a wombat. We're going to hike."

So we hiked. At a discreet disttance some beasts were lying on the grass chewing the cud. "Red deer," said "Tomski," reading the *affiche*. "I'd rather see wombats," he added.

We climbed a hill, and at the top was a cluster of people about a hut.

"I'll bet it's the wombats," shouted "Tomski."

"Wrong again," I snapped, "it's a bar."

"This is a great place," said "Tomski."

"A pint, please," I said to the bar-lady.

"Make it two," said "Tomski."

Presently "Tomski" said to the bar-lady, "Do you know which way it is to the wombats?

"Sorry," said the lady, "but I only came out from Luton this morning."

We hiked again. Up on the hill, to the left, we saw a curious-looking horse cavorting—I think that is the word. Presently it charged a vast beast that loomed as large as an elephant and was shaggier than any hearthrug I ever saw. Head down, the hairy monster turned like some slow-moving mountain to meet the charge. The horse stopped dead.

"I wonder—" said "Tomski."

"Well don't," said I. "The horse is a Mongolian pony, and the great beast is a Yak."

"You're jolly well up in those things," said "Tomski."

(I'm not really. I happened to have seen the ticket on the rails.)

"Oh look!" said "Tomski." "There's another one—only larger." He pointed to something moving slowly in the dim distance.

"You poor boob," I said, "that's the 'bus."

"Wish I'd gone on it," muttered "Tomski," "this gravel is gruelling."

"Hike!" I ordered.

In an enclosure on the right other hairy beasts were lying on the grass chewing cud. "Llamas," I explained hastily.

"Llamas?" said "Tomski," "Llamas? I thought llamas were chaps who lived in monasteries in Tibet or somewhere."

We hiked again. Down on the left was a huge pit. It looked like the excavations of Lever House or the Hotel Cecil. It was empty. Secretly I was glad. I believe this was where the lions should have been—and weren't. We went on hiking. By-and-by we seemed to have climbed to the top of the world.

"By Jove!" said "Tomski," "I've just got it. This place is built on a plateau on the top of a sugar-loaf hill. Rather like Mount Ararat. I wonder if this was the original Mount Ararat? But if the Ark had rested here there would be wombats, wouldn't there?"

He asked the question almost wistfully.

"Hike!" I said. "Wombats or no wombats, this is the best place to hike in that I've struck for years."

We hiked past another yawning pit. Empty, thank goodness. It might have contained tigers. Hard by, half-built into the cliff-like hillside, was a fair-sized villa. Members' Pavilion—for Fellows of the Zoological Society only. At the sight of it even "Tomski" warmed a little. "What a heavenly O.P." he said. "Must be one of the most glorious views in England."

We tiptoed down. Through the glass side of the Pavilion we could see an ambassadorial waiter—*not*, I think, from Luton—busy with salmon mayonnaise. In a far corner—a young man, a Fellow, presumably—was entertaining a young woman. He did not seem to be in the least interested in the view. "Damn the view!" said "Tomski" heartily.

And now we came to more tall iron fencing. And this fencing was stout. On it was hung an immense notice. It ran: "WARNING! These Animals are DANGEROUS."

But what animals? The mere speculation gave me the creeps. From the top of the fencing two elderly gentlemen were peering at something through field glasses. We climbed up beside them. Far, far away, down in the green valley, we spotted some brown, round little balls which looked like guinea-pigs.

"Wombats!" shrieked "Tomski."

One of the elderly gentlemen removed his gaze momentarily from his field-glasses and glared at "Tomski." "*Bison!*" he snarled. "This is Bison Hill."

He resumed his zoological studies. We hiked. By this time the ground seemed to be growing up my legs. "I shall die of thirst in the wilderness," gasped "Tomski." Then he yelped, "Look, man, look! It's a bar!"

We were well nigh spent when we reached it. Across the counter leaned a kindly sort of woman with a psychological eye. "I know what you gentlemen want," she said cheerfully. "It's a drink. Sorry, but I can't serve you. This bar shuts at two."

"Cruel! Cruel!" cried "Tomski" bitterly. "And not one little wombat!"

The lady looked at him suspiciously. "No, not even one little Watney," she said sharply, "but you can have ginger ale."

It had begun to rain. We hiked. The hills were awful. Then "Tomski" really broke out. "*Gawd*," he cried. "I'm all in. I'd rather be eaten by lions than leg it another yard."

"Cheer up," I said grimly. "Here's a spot of hope—*Wolves*."

We were passing a pine plantation. A real, live timber wolf came stealthily down stage. It looked at me hungrily. But "Tomski" looked so hungrily at the wolf it backed up-stage again and disappeared. On the other side of the path were bears. One of them was in a sort of nest in a tree. It was crouching there like some vicious cat, preparing to spring. But between us and the bear in the nest in the tree were some tall railings—20 ft. high I should say—and the tops of them curved inwards towards the crouching bear. And there were nasty, sabre-like spikes on the end of them.

Battered, shattered, tortured in every limb, we hiked. Tottered, perhaps, would be a better term. And then, as though saved by some miracle, we were back at the entrance gate.

"Well," said a cheerful brown-faced official with a challenging blue eye. "What do you think of it?"

"Tomski" sat on a bench. "Rotten," he said. "what's a Zoo without a wombat anyhow?"

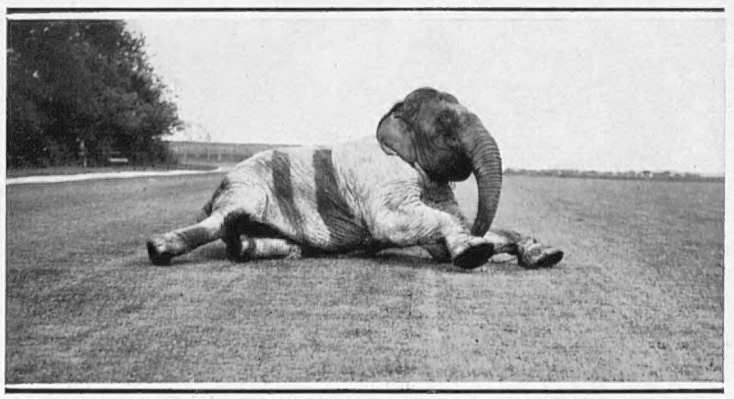
"I beg your pardon," said the official coldly, "which way did you come?"

With all the vigour that was left to us we told him. The Official took the guide-book out of "Tomski's" unresisting hand and ran a finger across the map.

"There you are!" he said spitefully, "It's marked 'Wombats' as plain as a pike-staff. You must have come right by them."

I never saw a man so utterly crushed as "Tomski." There was a long, long silence—one of the breed which can be felt.

Then the suave courage which is "Tomski's" true self came uppermost. "I shall sit here," he said quietly, "till the American Bar opens, and then I shall hike back and see the wombats."



ROOM ENOUGH TO SWING AN—ELEPHANT! Jumbo in the Whipsnade Zoo

WHIPSNADE—*the* MECCA *of* THOUSANDS

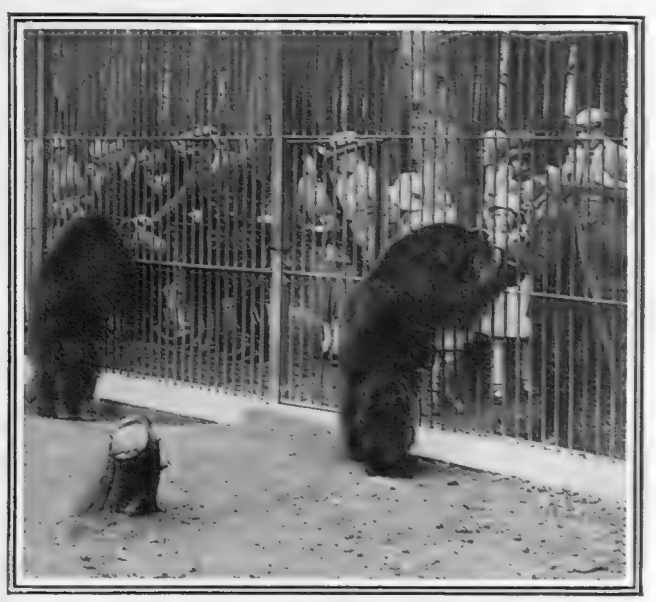
Aerofilms

THE WHIPSNADE ZOO. An overhead view of the enclosure on the Dunstable Downs to which 70,000 people flocked on Whit-Monday — but only 28,000 succeeded in getting in

MOTOR-CARS at Whipsnade on Whit Monday

THE LONE WOLF: The American timber wolf looks out from his pine-wood fastness, known as "Wolves' Wood." He was the only "lone" animal at the Whipsnade Zoo on Whit-Monday, when only 28,000 out of 70,000 triers succeeded in entering the Zoo

BISON HILL: Huge and shaggy beasts towering on the eminence devoted to them, whence they can survey the surrounding country. Inset above—A VISITOR FROM THE ANTIPODES: The Wallaroo—a species of kangaroo, in the spacious new home at Whipsnade



FEEDING TIME: An amusing incident at the new Zoo is feeding time at the bears' enclosure. Their antics with their fodder are entertaining to a degree

Unprecedented scenes of congestion were witnessed at Whipsnade on Whit-Monday when 28,000 succeeded in entering the enclosure while 70,000 attempted it. The dearth of foodstuffs was lamentable, while the condition of the roads and the vehicles had to be seen to be believed. 8,000 people were stranded at Luton, and queues half-a-mile long waited outside the Zoo. Special trains and buses had to be run to relieve the congestion—finally achieved after midnight!

WHIT WEEK-END ACTIVITIES

THE *BONNE BOUCHE* of the Whit week-end Brooklands meeting was the exhibition run of the record-breaking *Blue Bird*, driven by Sir Malcolm Campbell. It "ambled" round the track at a mere 70 m.p.h. and never got out of low gear. There was only 3 in. clearance between car and track

SHELTERING FROM THE RAIN: A moment during the London Olympiades Whitsuntide Championships at Charlton Park, Blackheath, during the rainy Saturday

EMPIRE DAY IN CLERKENWELL: An interesting and picturesque ceremony took place last Saturday at the Hugh Myddleton School, Clerkenwell, one feature of which consisted of Jimmy Stripe, aged four, dressed as a Guardsman, sounding the bugle during the grand March Past of the pupils. Empire Day was celebrated with great *éclat* (despite the rain) in Hyde Park under the auspices of Lord Beaverbook

FEMININE FASHION: Grey flannel trousers proved popular wear during the Whit week-end—especially at Ramsgate, where this picture was taken

NINE-TON PLANE "THROWN" INTO THE AIR: Successful tests were carried out at the Farnborough Experimental Station, Hampshire, with a new land catapult, the only device of its kind in the world, from which a giant R.A.F. Vickers bombing-plane weighing nine tons, was catapulted into the air at sixty miles an hour. Its occupants were Squadron-Leader Caster and Flight-Lieut. Ryde

JAPAN'S GREATEST POTTER: NINSEI

Only three centuries after his period has the greatest seventeenth century potter of Kyoto come into his own as one of the outstanding personalities in the history of art production. Working only with pottery clays, although certain porcelains (considered spurious) are found with his mark, for years his history was surrounded with myths, but recently the Japanese Government has issued an official pamphlet on his lite. Only at the close of his career cid he acquire the information which gave his genius full play. He was succeeded only by his pupils

Looking over the auction-catalogue of a mid-nineteenth-century sale of a famous art-collector's treasures, one is struck by the changes in appreciation as revealed by the prices paid then as compared with those of the present day. Good pictures, by well-known Old Masters, realized from tens to a few hundreds of pounds. Yet pictures represented that form of art expression which was most familiar to the connoisseurs of the period.

Outside Italian *maiolica*, few knew or cared to know anything about ceramics. In fact, a slight knowledge of pictures, *maiolica*, and Limoges enamels was sufficient to stamp the possessor as an art critic, if not as an art expert. Certain people collected china figures, ivories, and such objects, but such faddists were regarded as being outside the pale, eccentrics who were wasting their money.

In China, long ago, the best ceramics of the early periods were being avidly collected at advancing prices. In Japan, while the nobility sometimes paid very large prices for certain small articles connected with the "tea-ceremony," down to the twentieth century, no other ceramics realized very distinctive prices. Many were held in high esteem and were hard to procure. If found, with the dealer in selling mood, about five to ten pounds secured the prize.

Western buyers, while showing a gradual appreciation of Chinese ceramic art of the eighteenth century, regarded Japanese potteries and porcelains as only suitable to take the risk of breakage from the housemaid's broom.

Museums, always in advance of the public, did make some efforts to acquire suitable specimens for exhibition. The small funds available were laid out to the best advantage. A few tourists visited Japan after the break-up of the feudal system in 1868. These brought back a few pieces which were locally said to be "good." There was a small wave of enthusiasm which spent itself on a high beach of nearly total ignorance, due to the impossibility of getting reliable information.

Before 1904, when Brinkley published his enlightening work *Japan and China*, the study of Japanese ceramics had sunk again into somnolence from which no new students seemed anxious to arouse it. At auctions, pieces marked with recorded names were so ascribed; the unmarked were roughly divided into two classes—the pottery was either Arita or Satsuma, the porcelain Imari or Seto.

If one had put up for auction in those days any Japanese ceramic rarity, one would have been singularly fortunate to have received five pounds for the object.

One of the commonest ascriptions at auctions was to "Ninsei"; his mark having been placed on any piece, even on porcelain, deemed worthy of attracting regard. Such would be bought by collectors and, along with some small piece of Ota pottery (described as "genuine Satsuma") exhibited as examples of the highest ceramic art that Japan had produced.

Meanwhile the few Japanese traders in London held their tongues. As the older collectors died they picked over their collections for the few finds that had been acquired in the 1870's, bought them for a trifle more than the British rival was prepared to pay, and despatched them to a better market.

In the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that Western Europe is not well supplied with outstanding examples of Japanese ceramic art.

The record of an art-sale in Japan, published in one of our art journals a few years ago, gave a slight shock to this attitude of complacency. It stated that a small bowl by Ninsei, decorated in enamels, had realized over £5,000. Happy owners of enamelled bowls with Ninsei's mark made inquiries. Such were mostly disappointing.

From Brinkley we learn that Nomura Seisuke, of the noble house of Fujiwara (equivalent in this country to a scion of the Talbots or the Howards), a pupil of a master of tea ceremonial, by name Sohaku, and through that connection led to a study and appreciation of small ceramics, lived in a village near Kyoto, not far from the temple of Ninwaji and the Prince of that name.

Coming under the patronage of the Prince, the young amateur potter combined the first syllable of the Prince's name with the first syllable of his own and produced the art-name of Ninsei, by which his fame has spread throughout the civilized world.

In Ninsei's earlier days, about the middle of the seventeenth century, his output followed the fashions of the Kyoto pottery of the period, a good ware, but lacking technical knowledge.

In Hizen Province the potters, reinforced by imported Coreans and aided by Chinese knowledge, were producing fine enamelled porcelains of high quality.

An agent of the Hizen factories imparted the secret of enamels to a Kyoto friend and the secret reached Ninsei.

This indiscretion is said to have cost the agent his life. With this secret, Ninsei proceeded to revolutionize Kyoto pottery.

Of his earlier work, made prior to 1665, such pieces as can be attributed to Ninsei with some certainty are distinguished usually by the use of one of two clays, by exceedingly careful potting, and by well-controlled crackle in the glaze.

Owing to his habit of imparting the results of his experiments to other potters, sharing their secrets, and potting in various localities, ascriptions of his minor successes, unless supported by corroborative evidence, are a difficult matter.

With these we are not concerned at present. It is about the period commencing 1667 that Ninsei blossomed from a careful and conscientious potter into a great artist.

His first efforts with enamel colours may not have been anything outstanding; a certain number of small bowls, decorated with a diaper in colour, may be genuine examples of early efforts in this branch. These are just what the later potter might hope to emulate and by impressing the name of the great master, aspire to attract the bargain-hunter. If we say that these are not the objects which command the high prices we may save heart-burnings.

To illustrate how even authenticated examples of his early work are appreciated, we may invite a glance at the *Japanese Year Book* for 1928; where a jar by Ninsei, decorated apparently in the "shibu-ye" style, simple brown and black, depicting two birds, as illustrated on Plate CV of the publication, from the Baron Kawasaki collection, realized 10,698 yen at auction, or say, over a thousand pounds. This jar would be far below the value of a jar of similar shape illustrated in the 1929 number: Plate LXXXVI of the publication.

This jar, the property of Mr. Fusakichi Kitamura, depicting a pavilion, with figures in an adjoining park, the whole carried out in enamel colours, is described as "a famous jar of the type called oniwa-yake (oniwa-yake, a term meaning 'honourable garden ware' is applied to a few Japanese ceramics made in the garden of some nobleman, who permitted some distinguished potter to erect a kiln there for the purpose of making pieces for the patron), and formerly belonged to the Kyogoku family."

The description continues: "In shape and colouring this is an exquisite piece, perhaps even a unique example of Ninsei's art, in which he has exhibited his supreme skill in depicting figures and landscape in such a remarkable composition." Ninsei, true artist as well as true potter, did not make the mistake of overloading this piece with decoration.

While everything has had minute attention, from the steps of the pavilion to the tiny embroidered flowers on the garments worn, enough of the field is reserved to show the quality of the skin of the glaze and enough of the body to reveal the fine levitigation and preparation of the clay.

The September number of *Oriental Ceramics*, 1930, a Tokio publication, illustrates two pieces by Ninsei; one, a small tea jar of his early type of work, the other an enamelled water vessel, the gracious gift of the late Empress Shoken to the Tokio Museum. The latter depicts a favourite device of dividing up the field into compartments by means of diapers and filling the enclosure with flowers; in this case, with pæonies.

The originals of these are hardly of easy access and even the illustrations may not be in the way of everybody. Hence the illustration of one of Ninsei's enamelled pheasants, carried out in his wonderful soft colouring, showing all the glory of the bird's plumage along with his well known milky crackled glaze, may be useful to those who have not larger opportunities for study.

There is a somewhat similar pheasant in Japan, the head turned farther back, the bird preening its feathers, so that the bill is actually attached to the glaze, but the example illustrated is probably the only example in the Occident which manifests Ninsei's work at the short culminating period of his mastery, and as such is worthy of some study.

These pheasants, as well as other objects, such as helmets, etc., are made as censers. The pheasants have a small perforated piece which lifts out of the back, through which the smoke can percolate.

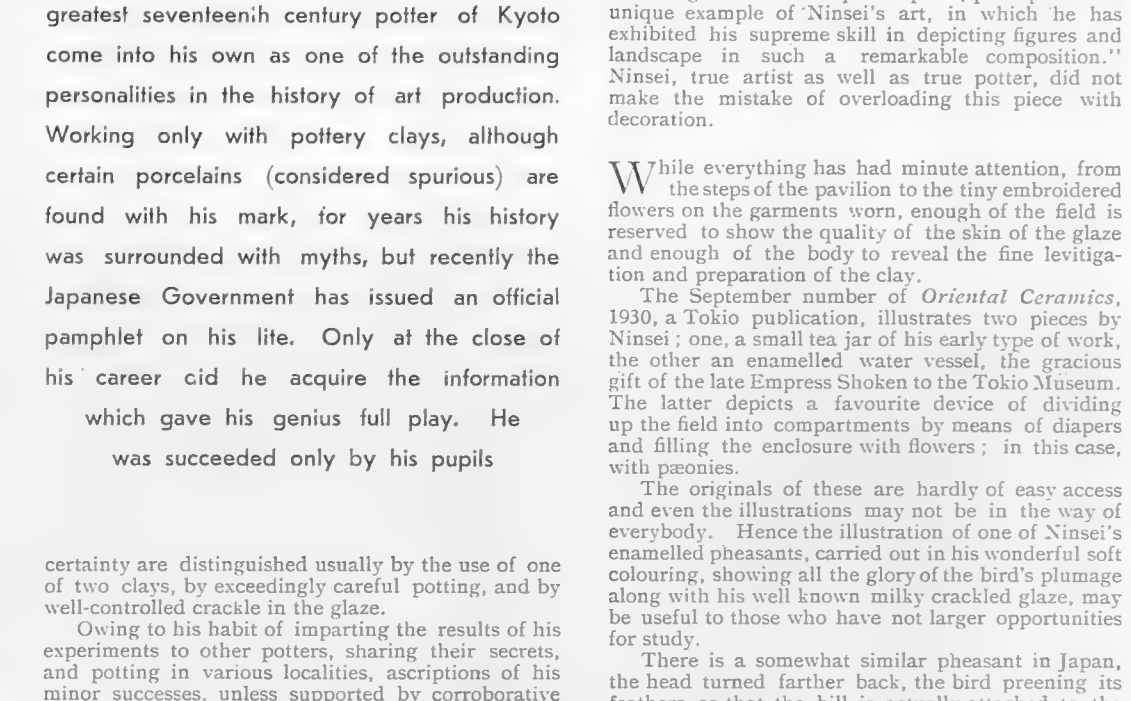
The clay used for these is the light variety, a clay suited to the light glaze such as is required for the body of the bird.

The dark clay is sometimes found with a light glaze for contrast.

In regard to the small output of enamelled wares, one has to bear in mind that Ninsei worked for a small clientèle, had a small output, destroyed any piece not perfect, and that his rich soft enamels were a mere culminating point of a great career. Hence, even in Japan, fine enamelled pieces are rare. Japan did not raise this great art potter to a pinnacle of fame until the twentieth century had registered a decade, and Occidentals, only awakening to the claims of ceramic art a few years earlier, were too slow to seize their opportunities.

When the rise did come, it outvied the famous beanstalk.

Kenneth Dingwall



Wallace Heaton

THE ART OF NINSEI: Censer in the form of a pheasant, seventeenth century. The neck black (after the "famille noire" of the Chinese), the eye-surround red, the tail blue-grey, while the plumage is carried out in soft blue, blue-green, green, and red enamel colours, picked out with gold. The lower parts are covered with a creamy glaze, finely crackled with a small mesh, the glaze, here and there, running to milkiness, which was characteristic of the artist

BEAVER HATS *and* SAVAGES

This year marks the centenary of the cruise of the *Beagle* and, while Darwin's book has been read and re-read, little is known of the journal of Captain Fitz Roy, with whom Darwin sailed. It was Fitz Roy who brought the Fuegians to London on a previous cruise, transporting them to their home on his voyage with Darwin

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

Charles Darwin in his younger days

Darwin's journal of the *Voyage of "The Beagle"* is the sparkling mountain spring, the bubbling source of half to-day's ideas about the stream of life and our human place in it. It has been read and reprinted again and again and is, of course, one of the most celebrated, as well as the most entertaining, of all travel books.

But the other day (in this year which marks the centenary of the cruise) I had the curiosity to read not Charles Darwin's, but Captain Fitz Roy's day to day account of what happened in that notable five years of circumnavigation that began just a hundred years ago. The contrast is most entertaining. Darwin was too great a man to be completely of his epoch. But that downright, irascible, high-principled officer, Captain Fitz Roy, though he was a fearless navigator in unknown waters and was as bold as a lion so long as the dangers were those which fine seamanship could overcome, yet sailed only the best-charted waters of the moral world, and those but timorously. His was the outlook of the eighteen-thirties.

He was quite sure that a Christian gentleman (Anglo-Saxon if possible) was the topmost flower on the human tree, and that a Christian education, together with instruction in cleanliness, industry, honesty, and to a lesser degree, subordination, was what everybody needed. He was quite sure that young girls should "be decent and reserved." He had, moreover, a strong sense of responsibility and a sterling official style.

Now in Darwin's *Beagle* there is an intriguingly incomplete account of three "savages," natives of Tierra del Fuego, stone-age men, who had somehow been brought to England by Captain Fitz Roy before Darwin's story opens.

Darwin leaves his reader with no proper account of how it came about that York Minster (who was a burly scoundrel), together with the vain and volatile Jemmy Button, and that "decent young girl," Fuegia Basket, came to have to be repatriated.

What a pleasure, then, to find the tale fully set out—vigorous and prim—in Captain Fitz Roy's own narrative!

Darwin's voyage was, as the reader may remember, the second that the *Beagle* had undertaken. One day on the first voyage, when the little brig was moored in one of the dismal and wind-racked harbours of Tierra del Fuego, Captain Fitz Roy sent one of his officers—a Mr. Matthew Murray—with six men to take soundings off Cape Desolation, a rugged island twelve miles from the harbour where the *Beagle* lay. They proceeded there in one of the ship's boats, reached the place, and Mr. Murray and his party landed in a cove, pulling their boat well up on to the beach.

Supposing the island to be uninhabited, they apparently set no watch. The night was dark, and when they awoke in the morning it was to find their boat gone. Signs and tracks told the story. Some Fuegian savages, who were either already hiding on the island or had possibly reached it in a dug-out canoe, had crept up under cover of the darkness and stolen it. This, of course, left Mr. Murray and his six sailors in a very dangerous situation. They had no other boat and were thus unable to get back to their ship, while (since they were out of sight) no signals could be made.

After some debate as to what was to be done they set to work to fashion a kind of canoe ("or rather, basket," says Captain Fitz Roy), shaping it out of branches of trees and using part of their tent to convert their basket into the semblance of a canvas canoe. In this boat three of the men were to try to make their way to the ship. The weather on this part of the coast is almost always cold and stormy even at midsummer, while frequent and vehement showers of rain and sleet made visibility very poor. The course of some strong currents had, moreover, not yet been properly ascertained.

Three of the boat's crew set out on this perilous voyage. By great good luck a favourable wind arose, and they were further favoured by "the only fine day during the whole of the three weeks that the *Beagle* remained on that part of the coast." They reached the brig and told their tale, when Captain Fitz Roy immediately sent out one of the *Beagle's* boats to take off Mr. Murray and the other men.

For many days search for the lost boat went on; parties of the *Beagle's* men hunted up and down the dark creeks and secret wooded inlets of the coast, coming like figures of avenging justice to the huts of the Fuegians. "The savages" knew very well what the business was about, and wherever the sailors went they found the villages deserted by the men, and only the women and children left. Here and there buried oars or rowlocks were found, or kegs and ropes, all from the lost boat, and from each village where stolen goods were found, women and children were brought on board the *Beagle* as hostages.

But at the end of February there were still no signs of the boat, and by the end of the month, when the *Beagle* had moved on, all the prisoners, says Captain Fitz Roy, had escaped except three little girls. Two of these were sent back to their own tribes, but the tribe of the third had wandered away, so there was nothing to do but to keep her on board. They called her Fuegia Basket.

"York Minster" was seized on some occasion to act as interpreter, and when it was proposed later to put him ashore again he expressed terror, saying that that part of the coast was inhabited by his hereditary enemies.

On another occasion Captain Fitz Roy, seeing a strong-looking boy of about fourteen in one of the canoes, bought him for the price of a pearl button. Captain Fitz Roy notes that "the savages seemed content with their singular bargain, and paddled again towards the cove from which they had approached." They christened him Jemmy Button. A third boy came on board in similar circumstances to be christened, for obvious reasons, "Boat Memory." When at last the *Beagle* had to sail for England Captain Fitz Roy decided to keep the four natives on board, "for," he notes, "they appeared to be quite cheerful and contented with their situation, and I thought that many good effects might be the consequence of their living a short time in England. They have lived and have been clothed like the seamen, and are now and have always been in excellent health and very happy."

A long correspondence with the Admiralty ensues, all very formal. . . .

"Should not His Majesty's Government direct otherwise, I shall procure for these people a suitable education, and after two or three years shall send or take them back to their country, with as large a stock as I can collect of those articles most useful to them, and most likely to improve the condition of their countrymen, who are now scarcely superior to the brute creation."

A few months later Captain Fitz Roy is writing from Plymouth to the Secretary of the Admiralty, "Sir, I have the honour of addressing you to request that the four Fuegians whom I brought to England on the *Beagle* may be received into the Royal Naval Hospital."

The Lords of the Admiralty had promised to help in the care of the Fuegians, and he trusts that his request will not be out of order. "I beg you will draw their Lordships' attention to the circumstances of an eruption having broken out upon one of the Fuegian men."

It was the small-pox, and poor "Boat Memory" died of it. "This poor fellow," writes Captain Fitz Roy, "had very good abilities, and, though born a savage, had a pleasant, intelligent appearance. His death," he adds, "was a severe blow to me, for I was deeply sensible of the responsibility which had been incurred."

The care taken of the Fuegians' health was great, though at times it took curious forms. "While the Fuegians were in Dr. Dickson's care in the hospital, his own children had the measles, and thinking that it would be a good opportunity to carry the little Fuegian girl through that illness, he took her into his own house among his own children, where she had a very favourable attack, and recovered thoroughly." Alas! we are told nothing of what the other children thought of Fuegia, as—savage and gentlefolk—they all lay tossing, coughing, and blotched in the Doctor's trim little house in Devonport. It is a theme that asks the pen of a Richard Hughes.

The next stage of the young Fuegians' career was a journey by stage coach in the care of that same Mr. Murray who had been responsible for the unfortunate affair with the boat, and of James Bennett, the *Beagle's* bo'sun. They went to Walthamstow, rooms having been prepared for them by the master of the infants' school and his wife. Fitz Roy reports that these good people were "delighted to find the future inmates of their house very well-disposed, quiet, and cleanly people, instead of fierce and dirty savages."

Here they lived for nearly a year. Captain Fitz Roy used to take them visiting. "The two younger ones," he says, "became great favourites wherever they were known. I used to take them with me to see friends or relations of my own who were all anxious to question them, and contribute something to the increasing stock of serviceable articles I was collecting for their use when they should return to Tierra del Fuego."

At last a truly magnificent occasion arrived. His Majesty King William IV intimated a wish to see the Fuegians, and they were accordingly taken by their benefactor to St. James's Palace. "I hope I may be permitted to remark that during an equal space of time no person ever asked me so many sensible and thoroughly pertinent questions as did His Majesty. Her Majesty, Queen Adelaide honoured the Fuegians with her presence, and by acts of genuine kindness which they could appreciate and never forgot. She left the room in which they were for a minute and returned with one of her own bonnets, which she put upon the girl's head. Her Majesty then put one of her rings upon the girl's finger, and gave her a sum of money to buy an outfit of clothes when she should leave England and return to her own country."

When at last in 1831 the *Beagle* set out upon the second of her long and lonely voyages, not a few boats were needed to transport the large cargo of clothes, tools, crockery-ware, and oddments which the "best" families at Walthamstow and other kind-hearted persons had given (with more generosity than imagination.) "When dividing the contents of large chests in order to pack them to better advantage, some very fair jokes were enjoyed by the seamen at the expense of those who had ordered complete sets of crockery-ware."

The end of the story is told by Darwin. At last, after a long voyage and much wind, the mountains, glaciers, and dark forests of their homes once more saluted them. There was no sound but the breaking waves, the soughing of the wind among the stunted trees, and the hiss of rain. They were rowed up the creek sitting in the boats on their cases of crockery. Captain Fitz Roy, anxious as he was for their moral welfare, found it hard to leave them.

The *Beagle's* boat's crew lingered for a while to build wigwams for them and also for a young missionary who had decided to accompany them. Well might the Captain be anxious! The real savages, the wild Fuegians swarmed round in hundreds, dirty, greasy, absolutely naked. Their long hair streamed about their faces, they carried ragged staffs in their hands, their faces were painted with alternating bands of red ochre, chalk, and charcoal. Queen Adelaide and her bonnet seemed far away. When even the full-grown women of the tribe did not wear a stitch, what would become of the "decent young girl"!

Captain Fitz Roy's heart was heavy when he left them. The girl would in a way have adequate protection, for it was clear that York Minster, the sullen fellow, meant to marry her. At the last moment the young missionary could not bear the noise, dirt, ferocity, and inconsequence of his parishioners, and came back with the sailors to the ship. But the other three were left in the lonely creek. How long would they remember what the best families in Walthamstow had to teach!

More than a year later the *Beagle's* still anxious captain once more visited the cove, sailing up with Mr. Darwin in his beaver hat through the silence of the forest.

"We saw not a soul there, and were alarmed at this. But soon a canoe with a little flag flying was seen approaching, with one of the men in it washing the paint off his face. This man was poor Jemmy—now a thin, haggard savage, with long disordered hair, and naked, except a bit of a blanket round his waist. We did not recognize him till he was close to us, for he was ashamed of himself, and turned his back."

He had lost all his property, the whole of which had been either stolen by his naked relations, or by York Minster, who had gone off with Fuegia. Yet they observed that he was not discontented. He told Fitz Roy when he dined at the captain's table ("eating his dinner tidily as formerly") that he did not want to go back to England. His old shipmates were surprised. In the evening they found the reason. Jemmy had acquired a young and good-looking wife ("good looking for a Fuegian," adds Captain Fitz Roy in a footnote). Jemmy was still a winning fellow, "with his usual good feeling," says Darwin, "he brought two beautiful otter-skins for two of his best friends, and some spearheads and arrows made with his own hands for the Captain. Everyone must sincerely hope," adds Darwin, "that Captain Fitz Roy's noble hope may be fulfilled, of being rewarded for the many generous sacrifices which he made for these Fuegians, by some shipwrecked sailor being protected by the descendants of Jemmy Button and his tribe.

"When Jemmy reached the shore, he lighted a signal fire, and the smoke curled up, bidding us a last and long farewell, as the ship stood on her course into the open sea."

WHITSUNTIDE in ECHTERNACH :

The Dancing Ritual Invoking the Offices of St. Willibrord, the English Apostle to the Frisians

THE DANCING PROCESSION: Young men, bareheaded, jig solemnly through the streets of Echternach

PROCESSIONAL: Coatless young men lead the way

FORWARD AND BACK is the traditional step of the Pentecostal dance at Echternach

Every Whit-Tuesday the little town of Echternach, on the frontier of Luxemburg and Germany, wakes up from its usual sleepiness and provides the visitor with one of the strangest sights in the world. Fifteen thousand pilgrims dance through the streets in solemn procession, swaying and leaping to a jigging tune, into the great church they pass, dancing up the north aisle, past the tomb of St. Willibrord, whose prayers they are invoking, and out again to the street. Some of them have walked fifty miles to pay their devotion, starting from their parish church after the High Mass of Pentecost. The crowds were thick in the narrow main street at nine o'clock on a sunny morning when I sought for a good vantage point. I soon marked down the balcony I wanted, which was over a stationer's shop. Oh yes, monsieur could use their balcony, but (warningly) there was a charge.

"Of course," I said. "How much?"

"Twenty francs," was the reply, in reverent tones, suitable for such a sum. So I parted with the equivalent of half-a-crown, and took my place on the narrow iron balcony. After a time a red-gowned beadle led a procession of police, choir, and clergy, along the street, and disappeared in the direction of the river. Time passed . . . the Archbishop preaches a sermon on this occasion on the German side of the River Sure. But he must have been brief, for it was not more than half an hour before a thrill of excitement ran along the street, and the procession appeared, making its slow way.

First came a choir of men, about four hundred strong, chanting the Litany of St. Willibrord. They wore their ordinary clothes, with their heads bare to the summer sun. "*Heilige Willibrord, bitte fur uns,*" they chanted, "*Heilige Willibrord . . . .*" And in their strong cadence there mingled a most extraordinary jumble of sound from along the street. After them walked red-cassocked servers, with crosses and banners, clergy in lace cottas, the Abbot of Treves with high white mitre, then the Archbishop, resplendent in full canonicals, blessing the people from side to side as he came. Behind this stately concourse came the dancing pilgrims, the masses of heads bobbing and tossing like the rapids of a river. The blare of the bands soon drowned the sounds of the Litany. There were thirty bands at short intervals in the procession; some of brass, like the German bands that used to play in our streets forty years ago; others scratch assemblies of fiddles and flutes; all had drums to beat the step. They played a melody adapted from an old carol called "Adam Had Seven Sons." Some played quickly and some slowly, some in one key and some in another—occasionally they paused for a rest, resuming with no reference at all to what others were doing. The effect was indescribable, like nothing else in the world.

In between were the companies of pilgrims, dancing while their bands played, walking when the players rested. Early in the procession came a company of children, solemn and earnest in their devotion. Both sexes and all ages were represented, but a good half of the dancers were young men. It was a blazing hot day, and most of the men had discarded their coats and waistcoats, and some wore headbands to absorb their perspiration, which must have been profuse. There were no distinctive national costumes, and crêpe-de-chine and georgette mingled pleasingly enough with the white shirts of the men and with the sober black of the older folk. The traditional dance is three steps forward and two back, and it can be quite graceful when done properly. With some it is just a hop or a double shuffle, but grace and vigour marked most of the companies. They dance either hand-in-hand or holding on to handkerchiefs, which latter course must be far more comfortable. Not a smile is seen on any face. In spite of the merry tune, the atmosphere is entirely devotional and penitential. When some of the spectators sat on the pavement edge to rest, a priest who was walking with his capering flock came to them and made them stand. Company after company they came, until the melody of the jig fairly banged and blared itself into the brain. Ten o'clock—eleven—and still the waves rose and fell as the springers (as they are locally termed) pranced and leaped on the cobble-stones. For two hours they continued and then, as the end at last came in sight, I came down from my balcony, threaded my way through the crowd, and hurried by a short cut through back alleys to the church. The crowd was so dense about the main doors that I went to the sacristy door, where a stout and implacable official barred my way with stony firmness. At a nod from a priest, however, he admitted me and I stood on the choir steps watching the scene in the nave while my new friend stood by me and offered voluble explanation.

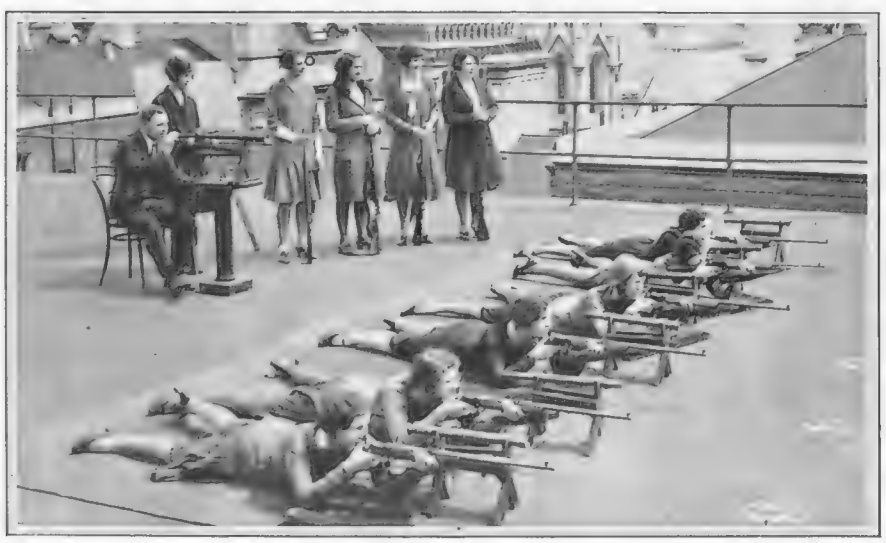
The choir was full of priests, some of whom watched the pilgrims, while others muttered over their breviaries. Meanwhile the bands played deafeningly as they passed through the building, and the people danced with renewed fervour, as they neared the goal of their endeavour. That good Englishman, St. Willibrord, was the Apostle of the Frisians, preaching the Christian Faith in these parts twelve hundred years ago. Now he lies in a stone coffin, covered by a filigree stone-work reliquary before the High Altar of the great basilica. His prayers are believed to be efficacious for sufferers from epilepsy, chorea, and nervous disorders, and it is on their behalf that the pilgrims make their strenuous observance. Some of them were themselves afflicted and pitiful to see. When all had passed the tomb, the huge congregation joined in a solemn Te Deum, and all was over until another Whitsuntide came round. Nobody knows how the spring procession originated. It is known to have existed for over six hundred years. Perhaps it has a Pagan origin, but, whatever its history may be, tradition is still strong enough to bring 15,000 to take active part. Dancing is as old as mankind, but in the life of primitive man it was not an act of frivolity or enjoyment. It was a form of prayer, for expressing emotions too deep for utterance in people with small command of words. When the men went away to war the women prayed for them with all their bodies and danced for their safe return. Even in the sophisticated atmosphere of the Greek drama, the dances of the Chorus were an impressive and even awesome spectacle, full of the spirit of tragedy. The devotions of Echternach are a reminder from the past that dancing has had a wider significance than it enjoys to-day. To understand the spring procession the visitor has to discard the notion that dancing as an act has in it something trivial and undignified.

G. F. Naylor

The ROOFS *of* LONDON

STRETCHING UP TO HEAVEN! Some of the 300 business women who undergo physical jerks on the roof of Bush House, Strand, during their lunch hour. They are coached by Mr. Dell, on ex-soldier

A GARDEN IN THE AIR: The roof of Berkeley Court, the new block of luxury flats in Baker Street, has been converted into a real garden. Mowing operations are seen in progress many feet above street level



ROOF RIFLES! The first ladies' rifle shoot of the season was held a day or so ago at Smith's Rifle Club in the Strand. The range is set on the flat roof of a building whence the imposing dome of St. Paul's can be seen in the distance

By WATER-TAXI *to* TOWN

Ever seen one of those stunt American films when you sit in a racing car and see the houses go by at such a pace that they just look as though they were sketched in in one long, horizontal, parallel streak? Yes? Would you like to travel at such a rate through London that its architecture looked like a blurred outline dashed in by a lightning artist on streaming telephone wires?

Can't be done? Oh yes, it can! You take a taxi. Not, of course, the usual kind of taxi, but the new water-taxi—the first to be licensed by the Port of London Authority—which plies half-hourly between Cadogan Pier, Chelsea, and Tower Bridge. It's the fastest taxi in the world, and if the owners—firm of Manuel and Brown—know anything about it, and the P.L.A. is kind, it is merely the first of a fleet which will skim the stream of the Thames at speeds unthinkable in congested streets as here.

THE WATER-TAXI

Let me introduce the enterprising firm which has hit upon the idea of making London's waterway a speedway. They are interesting fellows. On my right, Manuel. Merchant Service and R.A.F. Motor engines are his passion. He can sit and listen to an engine just as a doctor sits and listens to a patient's breathing. And just by listening he'll tell you just what's wrong with it—if anything.

On my left—Brown. Brown is a brown-faced, brown-eyed chap in a brown suit who lied his way into the Navy when he was 15½. "Q" boats and submarine chasers were his lot for the duration. And goodly is his heritage of daring. He has handled racing motor-craft half the world over. To watch him steering a speed-boat is like watching a swallow with a brain.

That's the firm which makes the water-taxi *Nore* to go. And *can't* she go! There are a couple of stockbrokers and several other sporting-minded men of Chelsea who have already abandoned the usual crawling method of progression towards the City in the mornings and taken to this "get there," Chris-Craft speed-boat. They are the first "Regulars" of London's latest transport service. And they are sticking. They save time. Anyone can save time on that service.

But let's cut the cackle and get to the Chrysler-engined horse-power that cuts the time from Chelsea to the City down by half even if you were to drive the swiftest car. Jehu wouldn't be in it on this job.

There she lies, the Chris-Craft, alongside Cadogan Pier. A modest-looking boat-head on to the six-knot tide licking up stream past the P.L.A. pier at Cadogan steps. She betrays no sign of the devil that is within her—but wait! A stolid Port of London man, his face one amused grin, chucks the hawse-line into the boat as he casts us off. In the cock-pit sits Skipper Brown, and on his right his "look-out"—which you need!

Skipper Brown pushes the tip of his patent leather shoe on the starter and the thumb of his brown right hand tenderly feels the switches on the wheel.

We're off! It's 10.26 a.m. And please mark the time. Jolly nice. Swift and smooth and comfortable. Then, without any warning, the silence of the mist-hung view is shattered by a roar from the Chris-Craft—a roar like a ramping lion's. And the boat is lifting, and lifting, and lifting out of the water, like a taxi-ing hydroplane about to take the air. And now, within the space of a second or so, she is skimming on the surface of the Thames. Her tail is well down, and the flat wash behind her hissing like the rapids of Niagara.

Yes, we're doing forty against the swirling six-knot tide. The breeze is screeching like a fiend through a crack at the hinge of the wind-screen. Skipper Brown is crouched over his wheel, and the "look out" stares gimlet-eyed through the slit on the windscreen. If we hit a bit of drift wood it will crumple the propellor like cardboard.

The skipper and his mate must look ahead; but I glance sideways. And it's then it is I get that weird impression of the landscape whistling past in elongated, horizontal lines. The wall of the Embankment seems a sort of gale-driven bank of clouds. And above the Embankment, as the *Nore* leaps over waves and the wash of other craft, the buildings seem to leap up and down like a crazy medley of Jacks-in-boxes.

Wow! With our starboard funnel just scraping the water we've swooped round a lighter. A great, bluff-bowed Dutch motor-barge, hiking up on the tide, hoots gutturally as we flash by. A plodding police boat dances like a spring lamb on our wash. The policemen, huddled in their rain-dripping oilskin capes, wave friendly-wise, and are gone. Anyhow, they can't catch *us*. We're getting the exaltation which comes of real speed now. Forty-five! Vauxhall Bridge flashes over us like a rocketing shadow. On the right a tram-car, at full speed, is crawling like some stricken insect. The Tate Gallery sails past us in the air on the left, and now the mass of the Houses of Parliament is rushing at us like some oncoming planet falling out of the ether to smash our poor, wee world. Hooray! We've dodged *that* destruction. The Houses of Parliament, Victoria Tower, Big Ben and all, are careering like meteors up-stream as we shoot Westminster Bridge.

I look at my watch—10.30½! Four and a half minutes since we left Chelsea at Cadogan Pier. I'd timed that distance in a taxi just before I stepped aboard the *Nore*, and it took a quarter of an hour. And now the Victoria Embankment is streaking past in long horizontal lines, and as the *Nore* dips and rises, the nebulous lines of the Embankment rise and fall as do the wires between telegraph poles when one is travelling in an express train. Eastward, along the Embankment, are hurrying endless cars; thrusting Daimlers, regally speeding Rolls. But their speed is the speed of the traffic stream; ours is unfettered speed on open water. The little *Nore* leaves the great cars standing. Waterloo Bridge flits by overhead like a dancing beam, and now we're in the "straight" for London Bridge—our destination.

The stream is clear that morning and Skipper Brown fairly lets her go. Where was that? Blackfriars Bridge? Oh! Well, it's well astern now.

Swish! We've whirled round a labouring tug and the bulk of St. Paul's Cathedral flies up into the sky. London Bridge and the shipping in the port hurl themselves at us like a horribly solid wall. But the skipper of the flying *Nore* has shut down. Shut down hard, but with such nicety of judgment that the swishing, hissing wash behind us threatens our stern but does not quite come aboard.

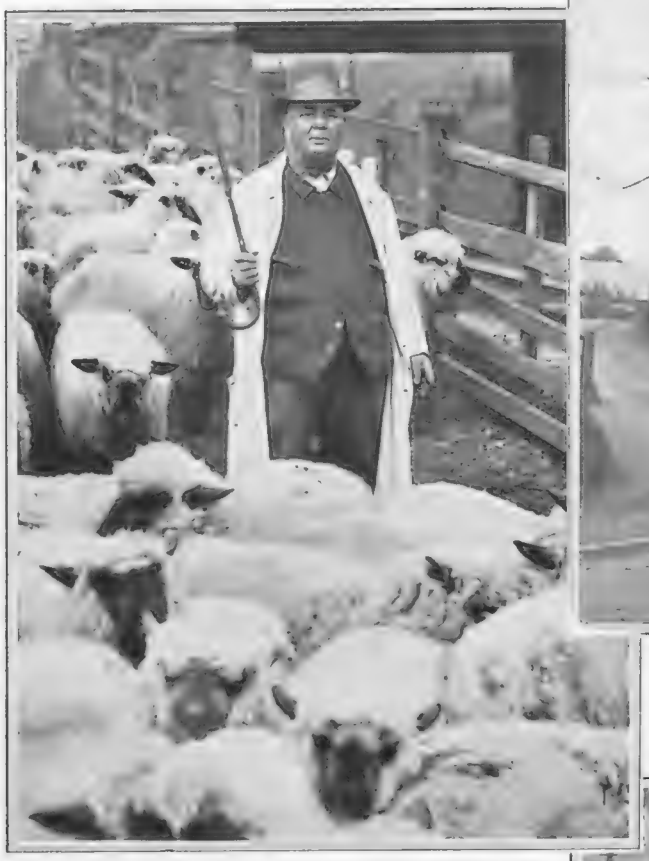
And here we are, bobbing on the water by London Bridge. It's just seven-and-a-half minutes since we left Chelsea!

Gad! But this is the way for a man to get to business in London town.

I shall live at Chelsea!

The Greatest SHEEP FAIR *in the Country*

Held Annually at Wilton, Wilts



THE FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY: Mr. William Daw, who has taken sheep from Somerset to the Wilton (Wilts) Spring Fair ever since 1888, is seen above on the road

GOING TO THE FAIR: The largest survivor of the old sheep fairs is that of Wilton, Wilts, though even this is no longer so large as it was in days gone by. The monthly markets in agricultural towns have conspired to decrease the importance of fairs

TRANSPORT BY RAIL: Sheep arrive at the station for transport by rail to their new owners after changing hands at the Wilton Fair. The ever-increasing race of motorists is more than glad when the slow-moving and slow-witted flocks travel in this fashion

LONDON'S OWN FLOCK: Sheep, not in the Highlands, but in Hyde Park—a real picture incarnating the ancient Latin saying, Rus in Urbe

PICCADILLY TRANSFORMED TO A COUNTRY LANE: An unusual sight in London a few days ago was to be seen early in the morning when a flock of 600 sheep was driven from Hyde Park to the Green Park for a change of diet and air. The sheep of London lend a delightfully rural touch to the City

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

GÉNÈVE?—*C'EST LA FRANCE.*—The "Glass House" of the League of Nations last week—packed to suffocation by journalists and visitors Twenty foreign ministers—twenty "political doctors"—the pick of twenty nations, around the tables. All of them very dignified, most of them intelligent-looking. Before them, in their mind's eye, the body of a very sick world in general, and that of Europe in particular. But there was another case before them, inseparable from the other two, over which they also sat as a tribunal. Secondary in importance, it none the less held first place.

Germany and Austria, given to practical thinking, had decided to clasp hands across a levelled Tariff wall that makes two nations of one people, set an example for economic union and mutual co-operation in commerce. They believed that the home market would thus be increased by some £50,000,000 in trade.

A crime against world peace! shouted France, her little Allies, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and some others. The League of Nations was all a-tremble. Daring to do anything so practical! The two "criminals" were haled before the League Council to answer to Monsieur Briand's own Commission for Enquiry into European Union.

There was Dr. Curtius, German Foreign Minister, an able lawyer, thoughtful, logical, juridically sound, but utterly colourless, lacking that personal magnetism, atmosphere of success and greatness, that means so much in Geneva. He puts up a splendid case, but his voice is monotonous and his speeches fall flat.

His "accomplice," Dr. Johann Schober, Austrian Chancellor, father of the Customs Union plan. Hair and pointed beard, white as snow. Most able Chief of Police Vienna has had since the war. Yet he does not look like a former police master. Appearance so refined, manner so suave, voice so gentle, characterized by the musical Viennese timbre. Rather a pathetic figure before that august tribunal. Mr. Henderson and Signor Grandi, he told friends, had hauled him over the coals rather roughly.

How dared little Austria, the waif, only six and a half million strong, no army, with Germany as accomplice, endanger the peace of Europe? Did he not know how frightened poor, weak "Marianne" France would become, if Austria and Germany increased their mutual trade by means of something like free trade between themselves? How could little Austria with Germany knock the Anglo-Franco-Italian Naval Agreement into smithereens—little Austria which has no navy to worry about! And crime of crimes! How could disarmed Austria and Germany, with nothing left to disarm, by this "shake hands" across a customs border, torpedo the Great Disarmament Conference in February? Meanest of all, the two "Wil-sonized," and overthrew in France, the great Briand.

Schober looked as if he could weep when he came from Mr. Henderson. Now he stood in the Glass House, pleading for his little country, portraying its terrible economic conditions, the bank failures, and unemployment.

Monsieur Aristide Briand, defeated candidate for the Presidency of France, the Svengali of the League, arose. A rustle, and straining of necks. The Glass House woke up. At the first words, his audience were under the hypnotic spell of the man who, of a League of fifty-seven Nations, has made it a League of one Nation—France. Such is the personal magnetism, the charm of manner, the intellectual capacity of France's "Pilgrim of Peace" as he characterizes himself. His Government, he said, is clearly and definitely opposed to the Austro-German Customs Union. And—France commands in Geneva.

There was Signor Grandi, energetic Fascisti Foreign Minister, who carries out Dictator Mussolini's orders. There was M. Zaleski, Foreign Minister of Poland, whose sleep is disturbed by nightmare dreams that the Germans are taking back the Polish Corridor which cuts their country in two. M. Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, who must not meet defeat in Geneva lest it destroy his chances of possibly succeeding Masaryk as President.

Dr. Curtius fights tenaciously, stubbornly, behind closed doors in open Council or Commission. If he loses he may have to go back to law practice. Everywhere intrude personal interests and national aims before thought can be given to the common good of all.

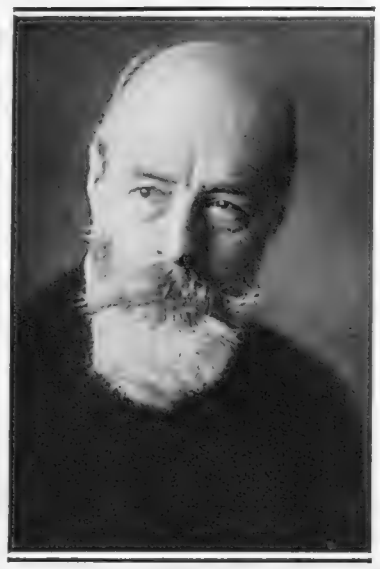
The stand against Germany and Austria recalls Versailles. The League was born out of the victory of the war, and it has not in twelve years outgrown that thought, heritage or environment.

Mr. Henderson I see in the rôle of a good-natured "traffic cop" wholly occupied in Geneva with preventing, or untangling, the diplomatic traffic jams of others. His British car stands at the side waiting for the driver to get back on the seat and push on.

OCCUPATION — GANGSTER.—The Bureau of the Census in Washington is responsible for the most human document of the year. Government statistics are generally dry, but the classified returns of the United States' 50,000,000 employed offer unprecedented sidelights on human interests and occupations. Not the least surprising part has been the frankness with which illegal or questionable pursuits were confided to the Government Census enumerators. Bootlegging as livelihood was freely admitted by such entries as "proprietor, bootlegging ring," "master-mind for bootleggers," "bootlegger, mean whiskey." One citizen declared that he was employed in "cutting down whiskey," another that he "siphoned whiskey out of barrels," others that they were agents, bottlers, or truck-drivers for bootleggers. Chicago returned ten "racketeers," one "grafter," and a couple of "gangsters." Professional pride in one case dictated "super-racketeer" to the enumerator. Kansas produced a "schemer, all kinds." Boston, an inhabitant who "dilnted perfume for an importer." Two New York girls stated that they were employed in sewing Paris labels on American-made hats. The "manager of a shady dance-hall" did not hesitate to record his employment, nor did the three "gigolos." A "witch" declared herself as such in Berks County, Pennsylvania. "Moonshiners" in the South and "Hijackers" along the Canadian border are officially listed.

Some seem to have experienced difficulty in describing what they do for a living, Others would certainly find it hard to do what they describe. In the first category is the "foreman of a hair mine," the "labourer, fifteenth skunk," the "secretary, necessity of life." The second includes a "night mother of a day-nursery," the "second butcher in a hospital," the "delivery boy in a hospital," "the salesman, infants," and "owner of a baby exchange." It is harder to place the "manipulator of sickness" and the "trick doctor."

Such activities as superintendents of egg-laying contests, and blood-donors for instance, must appear hectic compared with the employment of the "genius, independent," the "analyst, human nature," the "philosopher at home," the "ruminator, public affairs," or the lady "reformer."



PRESIDENT OF AUSTRIA: Dr. Michael Hainisch, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday

GENERAL LUDWIG KRAUSS, who was recently appointed Inspector-General of the Austrian Army

WAR IN THE UPPER AIR.—Germany and France, keenest rivals on earth, are preparing to carry their rivalry into the stratosphere regions, ten miles or more above the earth. It is to be a race to see who can get nearer Heaven, and who will get there first.

At the Junkers works in Dessau, there is being built what supposedly was the world's first "stratosphere aeroplane," the idea and invention of Herr Asmuss Hansen, German altitude flyer. It is designed to reach an altitude of 55,000 ft. or more. The Germans were no little surprised when it was announced the other day that Farman in France is also building a similar 'plane and for a similar purpose. Both 'planes are nearing completion.

The German stratosphere machine is scheduled to undergo its preliminary tests some time in June. But they will at first be only the usual tests and trials of a normal 'plane, to determine weaknesses, flying qualities, and airworthiness. Step by step, with Herr Hansen himself at the wheel, it will be given severe tests and trials. And those in the beginning will be without the air-tight cabin.

The first flights into the stormless stratosphere space are not likely to take place before the end of August. Difficulty in solving some of the complex of intricate problems connected with the airtight cabin designed by Herr Hansen has caused some delay, I hear. Unlike the cabin on the French 'plane, which I am told is windowless, the German 'plane has windows. After much research, glass of a special material was made which, it was believed, would withstand the extraordinary conditions at ten miles height. At that altitude the temperature outside will be anywhere between 70 deg. and 100 deg. below zero. Inside the cabin it must be around 65 deg. above zero. These two temperatures will be separated only by double windows, the glass of each of which is about half an inch thick. A space of about two and a half inches will separate the two windows. Not only has the temperature to be reckoned with, but also a normal earth-pressure inside the cabin against the windows, with no equalizing pressure outside—a double danger.

The breaking of both windows would cause instant death to pilot and passenger, despite oxygen, as it would bring about immediate embolism of brain or heart.

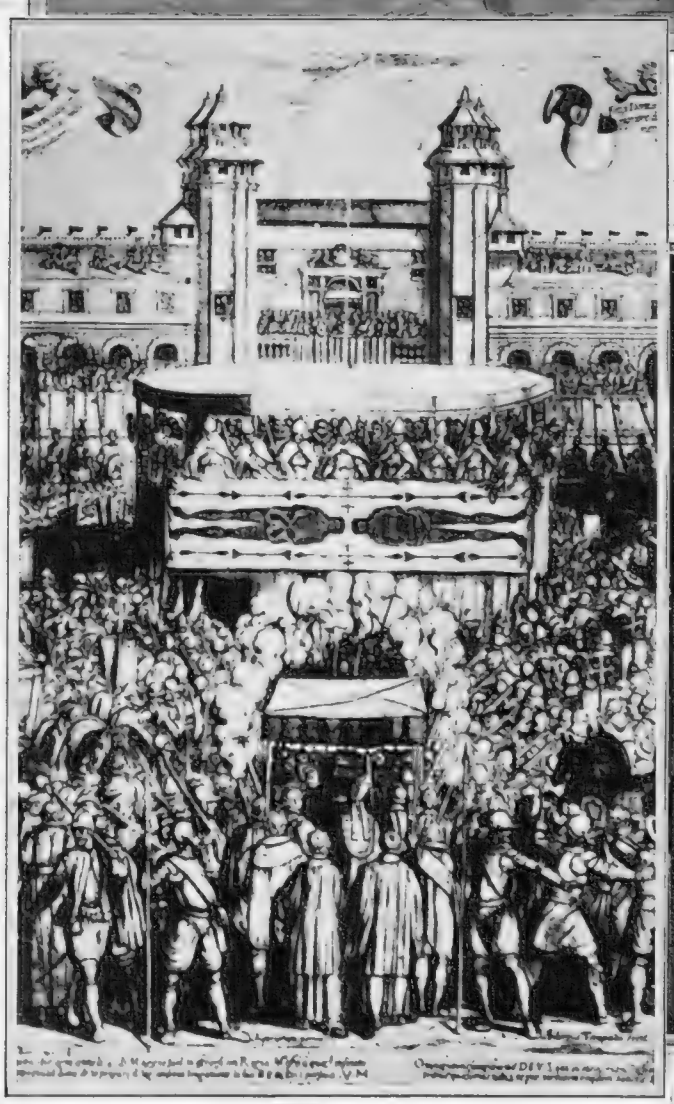
To keep the inside window from being covered by the moisture of the breath of the occupants, and the space between the windows warm and dry, were other minor problems. It was found that straight glass panes broke under pressure, even after they had withstood the test of the temperatures. The solution has been found, however.

The French claim that they are more advanced with their stratosphere 'plane than is Hansen with his, and assert that they will get nearer Heaven with the Tricolor than the Germans, and be there first too. The Germans smile and say little. The Hansen 'plane is much the larger, and will have a motor of 850 h.p., while the French 'plane is to have one of only 350 h.p.

THE CHANGE-OVER: General Harington (right) bids adieu to General Newcome, who has recently arrived in Quetta to take over the command of the Baluchistan district. General Newcome was formerly in command at Catterick, Yorks

"*The* SPHERE" SURVEYS *the* WORLD

THE FAMILY GROUP OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE : Seated—*Mme. Doumer, M. Doumer, and Mme. Emery, the daughter of M. Doumer ;* standing—*M. Georges Emery, a grandson, Mlle. Lucile Doumer, a granddaughter, Mlle. Andrée Doumer, another granddaughter, Mme. Georges Emery, a third granddaughter, and M. Marcel Emery. M. Doumer was born at Aurillac in 1857 and married Mlle. Richel. Three of his five sons were killed in the War and a fourth on active service. The Senator for Corsica, who has three daughters, held his first office as Minister of Finance and was Governor-General of Indo-China from 1897–1903*



THE SACRED SHROUD : A detail of a seventeenth century print showing the Sacra Sindone *being enshrined in Turin*

THE WINDING SHEET OF CHRIST, the Sacra Sindone, *shown for the first time in Turin since the year 1898*

This holy relic of the Roman Church, the winding sheet in which Christ was robed after the Crucifixion, has traditionally the impress of the Saviour's form and features upon it, but since the seventeenth century (when the print on the left was etched) it has faded. Traces of the image still remain however, and they are perceptible to the photographic lens. The dimensions of the Sindone are 14 ft. by 3¾ ft. and it was shown in Turin this month to the people—a great celebration at which members of the Royal family were present.

The JEWELLERS' ART *of* ANCIENT ETRURIA

A ROMAN BRACELET in the primitive baroque *style of the second and third centuries A.D. The device is a winged cornucopia, an Egyptian motive. From Egypt, also, comes the method of using square lumps of plasma or root of Emerald as a decorative device. It was, however, eight centuries earlier that the grand period of Etruscan art had its being*

THE ART OF THE ANCIENTS: An Etruscan necklace of about 500 B.C. The Etruscan technique of granulations has never been approached even by modern jewellers

ROCOCO OF PRIMITIVE TIMES: A pair of imposing, though somewhat meretricious ear-rings, dating from the Etruria of 300 B.C. They display a clever use of gold foil mechanically impressed from moulds

In one respect at least the fashions of the ancient world anticipated those of our own day. If the ladies of prehistoric Crete dressed like the belles of 1880, in a multitude of flounces and a tight bodice, the ladies of Etruria and Rome had more in common with the Parisian of 1931. Their dresses were long and supple, generally unpatterned, and of the simplest design. Real elegance, then as now, came from the way the clothes were worn, rather than from the clothes themselves. This utter simplicity, however, might easily have degenerated into dulness or baldness without the addition of jewellery; and in fact we find bracelets and necklaces, ear-rings and tiaras, whose function in ancient costume was exactly that of their modern counterparts. They formed, as it were, punctuation marks in the long unemphatic phrases of the ancient mode. The necklace here illustrated consists of a satyr mask suspended from a finely plaited gold chain. The hairs of the beard and moustache, the eyes and other details are all indicated by rows of minute dots. The technique, which is called granulation, was a secret of the ancients, the Etruscan goldsmiths being particularly skilful in the art. Signor Castellani, the Italian jeweller to whom this necklace once belonged, devoted a lifetime to the imitation of this technique, but with all the resources of modern science he never succeeded in equalling the microscopic delicacy of ancient Etruscan work.

The necklace belongs to the best period of Etruscan jewellery, about 500 B.C. During the two following centuries taste and skill alike declined; and later Etruscan work is characterized by large size, flimsy material, and poor handling. The pair of ear-rings, found at Populonia and dating from about 300 B.C., are effective in design, and make a clever use of thin gold foil mechanically impressed from moulds. But in spite of their ornamental richness we feel there is something a little shoddy about their taste, as is so often the case with Etruscan art. Their appeal is more naïve than that of the satyr necklace.

The most striking contrast between ancient jewellery (before about 300 B.C.) and our own is that the former hardly ever used precious stones. All its effects were achieved by various methods of handling simple gold. But the victories of Alexander the Great, and two centuries later those of Pompey, introduced the emeralds and rubies, turquoise and topaz of the East to the Western world. At the same time Oriental decorative elements began to appear in the settings. For example, the winged cornucopia on the Roman bracelet of the 2nd or 3rd century A.D. is an Egyptian motive; and so is the method of using square lumps of plasma, or root of emerald. In fact the jewellery of the Roman Empire shows just the same cosmopolitan mixture of taste as the jewellery of modern Paris.

R. P. HINKS

KERSEY, SUFFOLK — by Adrian Hill, R.I.

CORFE CASTLE — by Adrian Hill, R.I.

THE LANDSCAPE ART of ADRIAN HILL, R.I.

Mr. Adrian Hill is a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which holds its well-known annual exhibition at Princes Gallery in Piccadilly. Mr. Hill's work as a landscapist has been growing in strength and understanding—the two examples given here will convey something of his charmingly sympathetic technique. He did some very vigorous work in connection with the Great War; since then his landscape art especially has steadily advanced. The society of which he is a distinguished member is this year celebrating its centenary. It was founded in 1831 as "the new Society of Painters in Water colours." The title was changed to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours; finally, in 1884, by order of Queen Victoria, it became "The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours," a title which is colloquially contracted into "the R.I."

THE STRANGLEHOLD of the FOREST

THE CITY SACRED to SIVA, GOD of DEATH

These striking studies of Angkor Thom *show to what an extent the jungle has engulfed what, before Duke William conquered England, must have housed hundreds of thousands of souls. The walls are carved in bas relief with animal forms and, in the hidden city are huge statues of Siva, the most dread figure in the Hindu Trinity. To-day all is empty save for the fierce life of the jungle.*

A TEMPLE OF OLD TIME: A general view of Angkor Wat

A CITY Wrested from the JUNGLE

Angkor Thom in French Indo-China, Adjacent to which is Angkor Wat

From a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Some seventy years ago a French naturalist, collecting specimens up country in Indo-China, alighted quite unexpectedly upon what appeared to be a ruined temple. It was almost completely hidden in dense jungle and the tropical growth had even mounted its towers and split apart a good deal of the masonry.

The naturalist was convinced that there was far more hidden than was exposed. He reported his find, and a properly equipped expedition was later on despatched to open up the site. Actually they discovered and laid bare two distinct sites which are now known as Angkor Wat and Angkor Thom respectively. Recently astounding discoveries have been made on these sites, and it is doubtful if such remarkable and extensive finds have been made anywhere within modern times. A majestic temple was laid bare and the remains of a vast city of whose building little or nothing is known and, what is still more remarkable, of whose fall history is strangely silent.

Angkor Thom is a walled city whose buildings and foundations show it to have been of vast size. There are carved figures of animals, many of them in bas relief and showing a high standard of art, upon its walls, and there are inscriptions which still puzzle searchers after the history of this forgotten city. So far, the most that can be ascertained is an approximate date of the foundation of Angkor Thom. Several authorities concur, from a study of its architecture and the inscriptions, that it was built about the year 890. One great scientist goes so far as to say that the city was begun in the year mentioned and was actually completed by 908. If so, it was one of the most stupendous undertakings ever accomplished in so short a period.

In all directions there are representations of Siva the Destroyer, and the baleful countenance of this deity meets the wanderer amongst the ruins whichever way he turns. Especially by moonlight, it is a singularly eerie sensation to see the numerous huge statues of Siva keeping guard upon this lonely city of the jungle.

Angkor Wat is a huge temple which must have taken years to build and it shows indescribable beauties of architecture. The scheme of the architect is fortunately still apparent despite the ravages of time and the growth of the jungle. It is mainly dominated by a stepped pyramid, the steps so arranged as to form three stately cloisters, the whole surrounded by a high wall, which again is protected by a wide moat. Above are five beautifully-proportioned towers which seem to guard the slumbering temple.

THE FACE OF DEATH: One of the great monuments of Siva in Angkor Thom. The dreadful countenance of the dreadful god is split in Sphinx-line cracks

For whom was this great temple built? Expert opinion inclines to the view that Angkor Wat was built for the worship of the Hindu gods Vishnu and Siva, who were probably supplanted as time went on by Buddha. Indeed, the temple is still the shrine of Buddhism.

A well-graded motor-road has been made through the jungle, and the lost city and its mysterious temple are now becoming the Mecca of the tourist in this part of the world.

What the tourist will never definitely know is what caused the desertion of this wondrous city, whose population was probably several hundred thousand, if not reckoned in millions.

There is one theory advanced which would satisfactorily account for its desertion. It is that the city and the temple were built by the natives who were enslaved by some conquerors from India, that they were compelled to labour, that they rebelled and slew their masters, and then fled from the tragic spot pursued by fear of the revenge of those mysterious gods who brooded ever upon the city and its people.

We do not know its history, but it was a fortunate circumstance that gave to the world this relic of a forgotten and unknown civilization. Excavations are being continued, and the world may soon hear more about it.

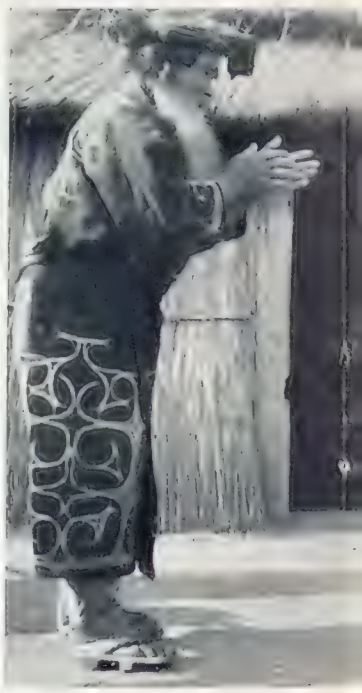
ESAUS of JAPAN: T

The Conservative Caucasian Race in the Kuriles
with those of their Neighbours, Smooth-Skinn

ESAU OF THE EAST: A typical "Hairy Ainu"—the race settled in the Kurile Islands, Yezo and Ho Kaido. All the men grow heavy beards and moustaches to cope with which the tea-cups of the district are furnished with *ikubashi*—moustache-lifters

THEY ONLY SERVE WHO MAY BUT STAND AND WAIT! An Ainu tea-party. The women may not sit down but stand and wait on their polygamous lords. Tea is the great drink among this Caucasian race—possibly owing to their propinquity to the two great tea-drinking races of the East—China and Japan. Their language, though primitive, and devoid of living analogies, has a vocabulary of 14,000 words. Their religion is a complex native-worship compounded with a system of magic message-bearers, roughly comparable to African fetishism

A CUP OF TEA: Two Ainus [illegible] not inebriates." The two-storey cu[illegible] the *ikubashi* or moustache-lifters, fa[illegible] and traditional part [illegible]



THE CEREMONIAL GREETIN[illegible] do business, but great formality is [illegible] is short in stature but sturdily buil[illegible] custom. This consists of a ceremo[illegible] divine honours to the victims whose[illegible] poles in the villages. The granarie[illegible] piles. The magic "message-bearers [illegible] of wands hung with willow sha[illegible] living

THE HAIRY AINUS

es whose Bearded Features Contrast Strongly
nned Japanese, who Look Down on Them

EVEN THE LADIES WEAR MOUSTACHES: As, however, the female Ainu is not hairy, despite their traditional name, she does the next best thing to conform to the hirsute convention. She tattoos a moustache or the upper lip. The Ainus live on farms or in villages of grass-huts

us enjoy the quiet "cup that cheers but
y cups are indigenous to the district and
, fashioned of bamboo, are a necessary
rt of the table equipment

TING: One Ainu meets another to
is observed as a prelude. The race
built and has one pre-eminently curious
remonial bear feast, designed to offer
hose skulls are afterwards erected on
aries and store-houses are also set on
rers"—religious instruments—are formed
shavings set in the east-end of the
ving room

A MATTER OF BUSINESS: A commercial conference held between the two seated Ainus at which three neighbours, standing by, are present. The race is almost fanatically conservative, being opposed to all Occidental reforms adopted by the neighbouring dominant race, the Japanese, who despise them for their primitiveness as much as the Japanese are despised for their modernity. The Ainu dress is a kimono of woven black cloth, with ornaments of Nipponese derivation. They are hunters and fishers, using a detachable harpoon and cooking all animal food. Until recently their cereal crops were reaped by mussel shells

The DAYS of YESTERYEAR

Fashions of Yesteryear Displayed in Many Lands

THE HUMAN HOUR-GLASS: A correspondent has just unearthed some fascinating records of nineteenth century fashions; this one, showing Mme. Harvey, a celebrated stage favourite of thirty years ago, displays the antithesis to the quasi-masculine figure of to-day

TRIPPING AND TOPPERS: A scene at the Neukölln Stadium, Berlin, where a national festival of folk-dancing was held a few days ago. Among the many quaint costumes, those of the Victorian era—old frock and morning coats and hideous bows—struck the most alien note

CRICKETING PIONEERS: Ladies' teams at the great English game are generally believed to be a post-War (and short skirt) development; but this team was playing in 1913, despite the handicap the fashions of the era imposed

THE WASP WAIST: Miss Florence Morrison, who shows to what length the questionably attractive and certainly unhealthy habit of tight-lacing was pushed

A CENTURY OF DANCING: A group at the rehearsal of the Hundred Years of Dancing Pageant at Crewe House (in aid of the Queen Charlotte Hospital Ball at Dorchester House), showing Mr. C. L. de Beaumont and Mrs. Malcolm Sargent as "The Waltz," and the Hon. Eileen Brougham and Mr. Irwin Shueller as "The Polka"

SAFETY-FIRST WEEK AT LEEDS: A feature of this function was an exhibition of old and new vehicles. Above Mr. Graham Walker, the distinguished T.T. rider, tries his luck on a "penny-farthing" machine, while Miss Newton, one of the youngest competitive riders, rides a 1931 motor-cycle. *Inset above on left*—THE HABIT OF THE BUSTLE ERA: Miss Lucille Powers in the riding habit of the 'eighties, draped skirt and veiled hat complete

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HARNESSING the JORDAN :

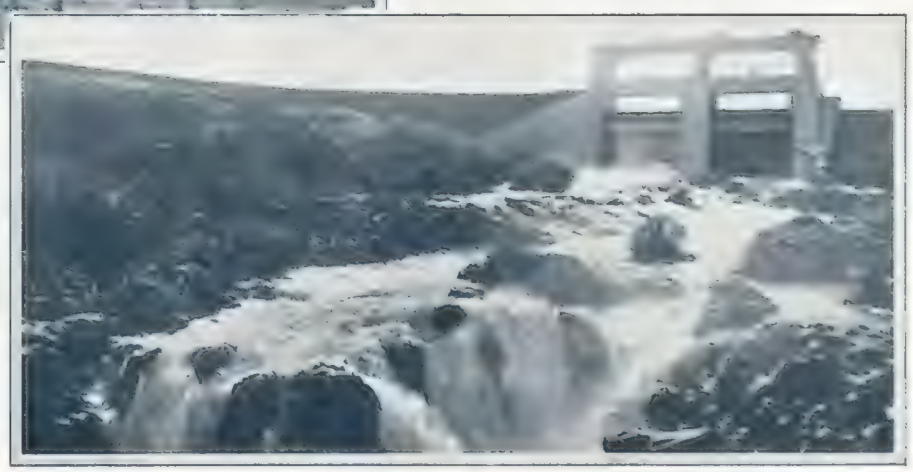
The Hydro-Electric Work in Palestine, which will turn to use both the Jordan and the Yarmuk

THE JORDAN DAM: Two power-houses are being built to employ a fall of 165 ft. in the Jordan between its exit from Lake Tiberias and Jisr-el-Mujamish, six miles below

THE HOUSE OF THE JORDAN'S HARNESSER: The modernistic dwelling-place in which lives Mr. Pincus Rutenberg, whose report of 1920 and whose energy formed the company to exploit the nascent power of the sacred river

WORK BY HAND AND MACHINERY: Both steam drills and hand-picks are used in the work of giving Palestine electricity by harnessing its waters

The first portion of the Palestine hydro-electric scheme was inaugurated in 1926, and is now approaching completion. Two power-houses will ultimately be erected. Both the Jordan and its tributary, the Yarmuk, run through precipitous beds, and the flow of both varies. Reservoirs have, therefore, to be formed to maintain a constant volume. A dam has been flung across the Yarmuk forming a reservoir of 1,500,000 sq. yds. at a maximum water level of 736 ft. *below* sea level. The sluice gates are fitted with apparatus to deal with any unrequired overflow. Another power-house will shortly be built at Jisr-el-Mujamish. The entire scheme is Zionist in its inspiration.



WATERFALL ON THE YARMUK: A scene of the tributary of the Jordan below the dam seen in the background. The sluice gates, which will control the flow of the combined rivers at their junction, have a capacity of 600 cubic metres of water per second

The WINDS of FASHION

FASHIONS IN HYDE PARK: Three styles shown at the Charity Fashion Display in aia of the funds of the Children's Holiday Fund. Lady Louis Mountbatten judged the costumes. Above are seen a gown in pale blue, a multi-coloured beach suit, and an Ascot ensemble blown with the cold winds of early summer

MANNEQUINS AND MOTOR-CARS: A moment at a novel fashion show held in Albemarle Street, at which the various costumes were given such motoring titles as "Magneto Maggie"

THE FIRST COURT OF THE SEASON: The Japanese Ambassador with Mme. Matsudaira and Mlle. Mairi Matsudaira. The Ambassador's daughter is one of the most popular of the Season's debutantes

BOUND FOR "BUCK HOUSE": Miss Jane Pendray Roberts, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Roberts of Cornwall, who was presented by Mrs. Fitzmaurice, the wife of Colonel Fitzmaurice of Orkney at the Court of May 20

ART of the HOUR

Notable Canvases Sold and to Be Sold in England and America

"THE MARQUIS SPINOLA" *by* Paulus Moreelse

The Marquis is in black silk dress with embroidered cloak, white lace collar and cuffs, and holds his gloves. His hat lies on the adjacent pedestal

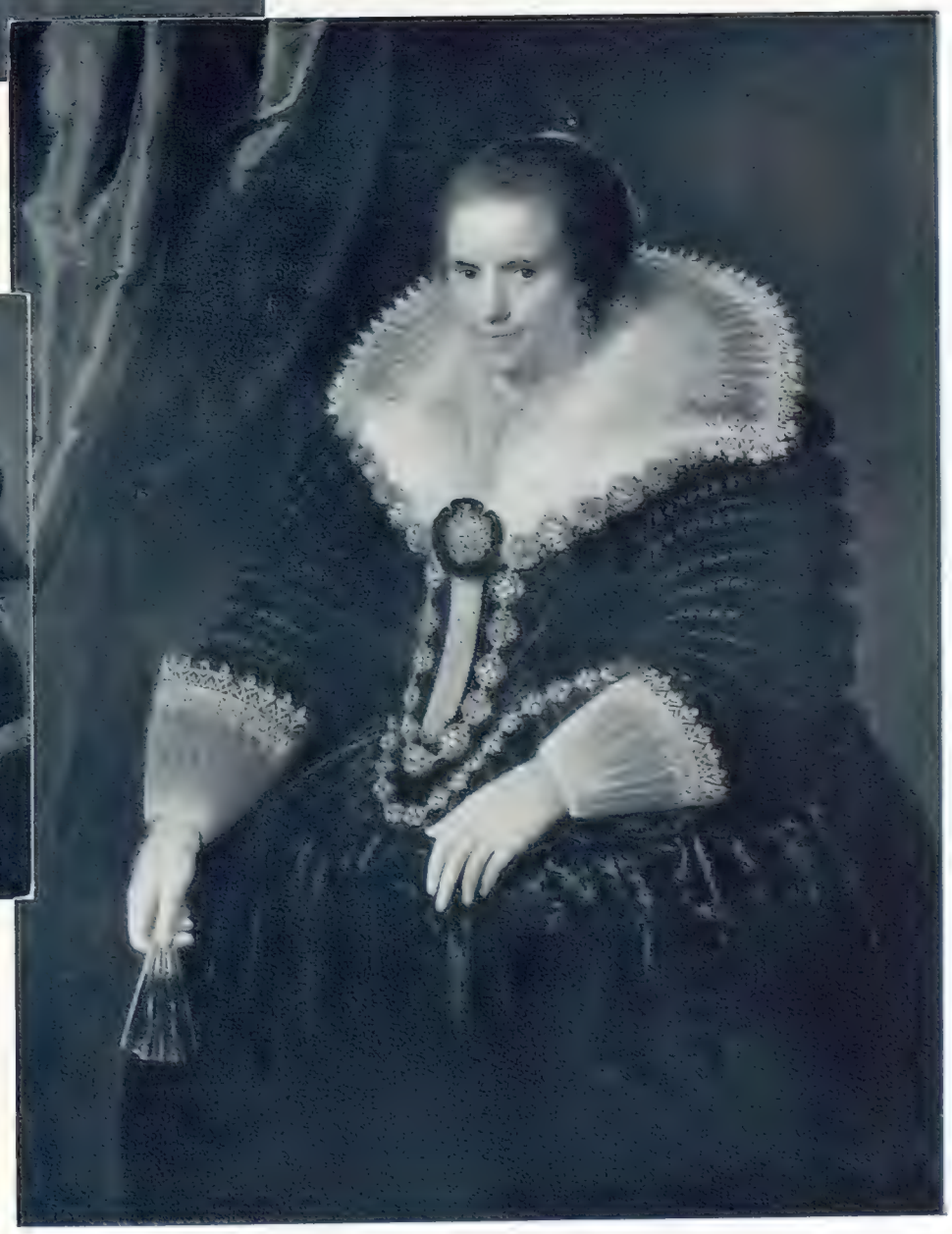
"MRS. JOHNSTONE BALDOVIE" *by* Sir Henry Raeburn

This notable example of the art of the greatest of Scots painters has recently been bought by Captain D. J. Sickles of New York from the Feragil Galleries

"THE GAMESTERS" *by* Rev. M. W. Peters, R.A.

"Vice, whatever sex or form it may assume, leadeth to destruction; woe to the unwary youth who hath been seduced into its acquaintance"

The handsome young gentleman in his scarlet coat is looking intently at his cards; behind him stands a cunning old man in striped dress apparently advising him as to his play but, in reality, signaling to his confederate, the youth's opponent, who has the ace of diamonds visibly concealed



"THE MARQUISE SPINOLA" *by* Paulus Moreelse

This is a companion piece to that reproduced in the top left-hand picture. The Marquise is dressed in black silk with a jewelled stomacher. Moreelse was a Flamand of the late sixteenth century

The two left-hand and the lower right-hand pictures on this page are among the gems of the collection of Henry Hirsch of Park Lane to be sold by Christie's on June 12

The SIBYL of the NORTH

The Biography of an Almost Unknown but Amazing Figure and Other Literary Matters

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Among the amazing women of the world we must count Christina of Sweden, and yet she has made no real impression upon the imagination of the English. She puzzled historians, battled the pathologists and psychologists, and had a much more spectacular and varied life than Queen Elizabeth, who set her mark so firmly upon the history of her time. Isabella d'Este, Catherine of Russia, Joan of Arc, Catherine of Siena, we all know the outline of their stories, but Christina of Sweden has somehow slipped by the historian. And yet she is perhaps the most amazing woman of them all. "I was born covered with hair; my voice was strong and harsh," she writes in her "Memoirs," and with this prelude to life she entered upon a career that had many wells of loneliness and no pathologist to pull her out of them. Mrs. Compton Mackenzie has now given us a most readable short biography of the woman who was called *The Sibyl of the North* (Cassell. 10s. 6d.). It does not claim to be the whole truth, which could not be told without too much speculation, for Christina was adept at covering her tracks, but so much of the truth as is discernible in this astonishing life makes her the woman of the new age. She was wearing man's attire and stalking up the steps of the Vatican long before George Sand astonished Europe with her trousers and her cigars. She was learned, flippant, devout, irreligious, of iron will, and ceaseless irresponsibility. Yet she lived in splendour to the end and her career of unceasing publicity surpassed the genius of George Bernard Shaw. In the course of her life she renounced a throne, then one of the best and securest in Europe, she authorized quite the best private murder, with more blood and brutality than one is accustomed to find in the annals of the Italian princelings; she had a troop of lovers, including French and Spanish gallants, and ending with an Italian cardinal, and yet there was never a scintilla of evidence against her private character.

She made a bad start. Her father was Gustavus Adolphus, a great soldier but a physiological misfit. Mr. Havelock Ellis, in the knowledge of these times, could explain her own inherited misfortune. Psychologists will find in the facts of her birth fresh support for the theory of prenatal influence. It was intended from the beginning that the forthcoming child should be a boy; all the preparations were for a boy. The moment after birth she was mistaken for a male child. She came into the world masquerading as a male, and she kept it up to the end of her days. The honey-haired Golden King, the idol of his country, a great warrior, prayed for a son. The Queen's ladies went tumbling over one another to give the King the glad news, but when he looked on the babe he was the first to detect that enthusiasm had erred. The fact was kept from the Queen for some time owing to the serious effect on her it might have. The King insisted that the elaborate celebrations for the birth of an heir should be gone through.

He loved her to his last day, which was not far distant, for she was six when he was slain in battle. Then began her elaborate education. In a few years the eyes of all Europe were upon her. Tireless, a great rider, a frankly spoken girl, with an iron will, she early displayed a grasp of statecraft and of the art of war. On her eighteenth birthday she sat on a silver throne and took the oath as King of Sweden, and the fun began. For fun it must have been.

Her first problem was to avoid marriage. She made it very clear to her counsellors that she would tolerate no nonsense of that kind. Her cousin, Prince Charles Gustavus, pressed for her hand. She made a tool of him, and finally promised him the succession on the understanding that he remained an official suitor—and no more.

"I must tell you that I cannot promise to marry you at all. I can only promise that I will not marry anyone else." This done, she turned to a young courtier of French extraction, de la Gardie, and lavished her favours upon him. In an age when women, even of Royal blood were mere chattels in the high game of State, this independence was sensational. Europe was yet to sustain other shocks. There was that little matter of Descartes, the philosopher. She lured him from comfort in Holland to expound Cartesianism, but she was so busy with State matters that the expounding had to be done at five o'clock in the morning, and the strain of it killed the philosopher. Her ambition was now to make her Court a centre of learning, and she began the collection of a vast library. Her emissaries scoured Europe for rare books. Her favourites were also drawn from all sources. Saumaise, the scholar, who fought an academic duel with Milton, Bourdelot, the apothecary's valet, who became her physician with extraordinary powers; Pimentelli, a refugee mountebank, all the adventurers of Europe flocked to her court, were féted, rewarded, and banished in due time when she felt bored.

And then came the greatest sensation of all. She decided to abdicate, with an assured income from the State. She wanted the sun, the colour and pageantry of Rome, and, secretly at first, until the allowance was settled beyond revocation, she had been captured by the doctrines of Rome. Her abdication, in 1654, was a sensation that shook the nations. Other rulers fought desperately to retain their thrones; she lightly, in the face of tearful entreaties, renounced hers. The battle fleet had been summoned to escort her from the realm, but she slipped away, disguised as the son of Count Dohna, on horseback, her gun over her shoulder, a red scarf worn in the Spanish manner about her neck, her pistols at her side.

Her trek across Europe was one long pageant. She was going to be a greater sensation as a free woman than ever she had been as a queen. At Hamburg she resumed feminine attire and took all the honours of royalty; then, in male attire again, she set out for the cities which were *en fête* to receive her. At Münster the Jesuit College was visited by a gay young gentleman of quality. He heard mass with his attendants. The news of her conversion to Rome, the daughter of the great Protestant crusader, convulsed Sweden. Her fame spread like a fire throughout the Catholic lands. She crossed the Alps with gorgeous ceremony, with a suite quite as magnificent as she had ever known as a queen. Dukes, princes, and cardinals came to meet her, and at last she made her triumphal entry into Rome. She was received by the Pope standing at the High Altar, and actually took up her abode in a suite at the Vatican—a signal honour.

"Her last day at the Vatican was signalized by an invitation to dine with His Holiness. As the rule forbade his eating at the same board as a woman they had separate tables, the Pope's being a few inches higher than hers. Likewise his chair of red velvet was slightly more exalted. But she had a royal seat specially made for her surmounted by a canopy."

The next day she took up residence in the Palazzo Farnese. Rome, accustomed to splendour, had a new sensation in its midst. Soon the name of the young Cardinal Azzolini was joined with Christina's. He was obliged to give a written declaration that his relations with the Queen were entirely innocent, but he remained her adviser to the end.

Was the end disastrous, one of penury, neglect, obscurity? Not at all. The amazing woman contrived to move in the limelight and to keep Europe guessing throughout her next twenty years in Rome. Even the Popes failed to overawe her. "I have known four Popes, not one of whom had common sense," she wrote, and when an edict went forth that *décolletée* was strictly forbidden she arrived with her ladies for an audience clothed in such angelic white garments that the Court was convulsed with mirth. She seldom lost an opportunity of defying the Pope. To the end of the chapter she was free of everything except magnificence, for she was never allowed to escape the fact that she was a Queen, and, deeper still in her heart, that she was a misfit in the natural order of things. In two things she never failed: extravagance, and speaking her mind. They are qualities that have always commanded attention. In the seventeenth century, amid a gallery of strange figures, this woman in breeches stood foremost. It is strange that she should have been so forgotten. Mrs. Compton Mackenzie has found a fascinating subject for her biography; she has told it with humour and an eye for pageantry. The little lady emerges flesh and blood from the dusty manuscripts of her day.

THE SIBYL OF THE NORTH: Christina, Queen of Sweden

If you are willing to dispense with probability you will find rich entertainment in Mr. Oliver Onions's new novel, *A Certain Man* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Christopher Darley of Slough was at heart as unromantic as the name of the place he lived in. But one morning on his way to the office in a public omnibus magic crossed his path. Here is the story of the Magic Carpet from a new angle which contrives somehow to take us from Slough to Le Touquet and to leave us sailing from Marseilles. In the interim we have met Mr. Darley's family pursuing their strange occupations, and Mr. Darley, under the influence of a leather coat, becoming distressingly modern. It is all very heady, like a morning ride in a Moth with the old earth swooping about, with sudden close-up vistas of bathing beaches, rapid ladies, and Mr. Darley wondering if he is going to come down all right. Of course he does come down, with a safe landing. Mr. Oliver Onions is too experienced a pilot to do anything clumsily, and his dexterity with Mr. Darley never fails. It is all highly improbable and highly entertaining.

There is nothing new in *Charlie Chaplin*, by W. Dodgson Bowman (Routledge. 2s. 6d.), but there are some excellent photographs from the Chaplin films, and the main outlines of Chaplin's rise to fame are given, from those early days of the Fred Karno Comedy Company touring the U.S.A. to the hour when he signed a contract for £100,000 a year. It is an astonishing story, and the facts and figures in this book, even with a thousand-per-cent. Hollywood discount, will probably destroy the office career of hundreds of boys and girls. The one touch of vulgarity which makes the whole world grin, as Shakespeare would probably put it to-day, is a gift beyond the price of rubies. It is to Chaplin's credit that his vulgarity is the least of his assets. "His life and art" is the sub-title of this book. I am one of those "fans" who would not disagree with the last word, and for that reason, whatever the verdict on *City Lights*, I do not think we have seen the last of Chaplin.

The labours of a French missionary of the seventeenth century in the West Indian Colonies do not appear to be very exciting material for a book of memoirs, but some men have the gift of making the trivial exciting. *The Memoirs of Père Labat* (Constable. 7s. 6d.), which have been translated from the French, are the work of a highly-educated priest with a delightful personality and a nice taste for bloodthirsty buccaneers. His gallery of villains throws a new light on the pirates of the Spanish Main. Quick in sympathy, with an unfailing sense of humour, Père Labat lived dangerously and enjoyed every moment of it. The conditions of slavery that he describes are revolting, yet, such the spirit of the times, even the charming padre seems to take them as a matter of course. "I admit that these tortures are cruel, but one should be careful before blaming the inhabitants of an island for being frequently compelled to pass the bounds of moderation in the punishment of slaves."

Recommended List:

Classic Races of the Turf, *by Guy H. Logan* **(Stanley Paul. 21s. net).**—A survey of the outstanding events of the course by one who has seen all the good horses and is intimate with jockeys and trainers.

A Wayfarer in Central Germany, *by Malcolm Letts* **(Methuen. 7s. 6d. net).**—A chatty guide for the trek towards Germany that shows no sign of abating. Hameln, Münster, Jena, Weimar, the Hartz Mountains, and the Thuringian Forest are the chief centres described by this engaging book.

The Austrian Tyrol, *by Ian Morrow* **(Faber and Faber. 15s. net).**—A most excellent history-guide book for all who wish to know the land of the rucksac, lederhosen, the high Alps, and one of the most charming races in Europe. Mr. Morrow knows the scene intimately and writes well.

Thomas Hardy, *by Arthur McDowall* **(Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d. net).**—A comprehensive and sympathetic study of Hardy with distinction in the writing.

The Getting of Wisdom, *by Henry Handel Richardson* **(Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net).**—A re-issue of a girl's school story that H. G. Wells called wonderful.

Wing and Magnolia, *by Catherine Dodd* **(Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net).**—A story of love, flower blossom, a wing vase with a baleful influence, and a fantasy altogether delightful.

TALKIES

OÙ EST LE VESTON? *The three leading characters in* Le Million *(at the Phœnix) discover that the famous lottery ticket is lost—the* clou *on which this incredibly amusing film is hung*

Below—"TOUT EST À MOI: *A "d. and d." creates a diversion in the commissaire's court in* Le Million

THE HEROINE IN THE BALLET: A moment from Le Million *showing Beatrice, played by Annabella, pursuing her profession in the intervals of seeking her frequently faithless lover's lottery ticket*

FALSE AND REAL: The funniest moment in Le Million—*when hero and heroine get on to the stage of the opera house, and are swept away by the emotional music*

MAKE-UP INSPECTION: Miss Florence Desmond has her make-up passed O.K. for the Sally in Our Alley *production produced by Basil Dean, and directed by Maurice Elvey at the Beaconsfield Studios*

A LADY OF SUCCESS: Miss Betty Stockfeld, the beautiful young Australian actress who created a sensation in "The City of Song." She has just given another brilliant performance in the new "Ideal" British film, Captivation

"TRILBY": Miss Marta Marsh in the famous Maurier *part in the screen version produced by Warner Brothers. The play is entitled* Svengali, *and John Barrymore plays the title-rôle*

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

MLLE. HELLA KÜRTY: A young Viennese actress whose brilliant first-night success at Drury Lane has been acclaimed by all the critics

"The Old Man."

Although it would be difficult to imagine an Edgar Wallace play without a crook, a stab, and a scream in the dark—there are all three in *The Old Man*, his new play at Wyndham's—there is also an Edgar Wallace of another vein. There is more fun than foul play in *The Old Man*, and I am glad of it. Even *On the Spot* (the author's best play so far) becomes rather heavy with crime, and, willing as I am to concede Edgar Wallace as an exception to my long-held rule that crime is usually pretty dull, both on the stage and off, it is pleasant to turn to Miss Maisie Gay and Mr. Alfred Drayton. True, Mr. Drayton has had plenty to do with stage crime and can suggest revolting unpleasantness (t'other side of the footlights, of course) with as much natural ease as Mr. Charles Laughton. But in this case he is a retired crook and not an active one, and is the landlord of the country inn in which the story take place. The story itself matters in this case not so much as the way of telling it.

There has been a fire in that inn. Never mind how or why. One awkward result of it is that the forgetfulness of some of the guests is revealed, for there has been an embarrassing mix-up in the matter of bedrooms. The lady-killer-in-chief is really a very grievous bounder, and the lady who is not unwilling to be killed in this sense has but little to recommend her beyond the fact that the part is played by Miss Frances Doble. The apparently tragic element of the play matters even less, and the construction here is so loose that one has the impression that Mr. Wallace had dictated it in his dressing-gown that afternoon.

What does matter profoundly is all that Miss Gay says and does. She is one of our finest low comediennes. Much as I admire 95 per cent. of her work in revue, there is 5 per cent. of over-emphasis when she plays seedy charwomen. In *The Old Man* she is right at the top of her form and does not for an instant lay it on too thick. Again she is the charwoman, but the charwoman of comedy, and not of farce or revue. She increases in pseudo-refinement with infinite skill and is always exquisitely amusing. And the highest praise I can give to the scene of her growing intoxication (what nonsense it is to say that stage drunkenness can never be funny) is to declare that it rivals that between Mr. Leslie Henson and Mr. Sydney Howard in *It's a Boy*.

Chaliapine at the Lyceum.

From Maisie Gay to Chaliapine is a longer step than from Wyndham's to the Lyceum. The opening of the Russian season at Henry Irving's old home brought that theatre up with a bang to a social eminence which it had not known since Irving's famous first-nights there. Our social notabilities (some of whom can also be artistic notabilities at one and the same time) invariably flock to anything that is Russian, which is a queer paradox and sufficient to make Stalin laugh—if there is such a thing as laughter in the land of the Soviet. "No Russian art can ever be wrong" seems axiomatic in certain quarters. I do not subscribe to that at all. There is, however, nothing wrong with Chaliapine, and if his voice is not what it was when he came to London before the war it is quite good enough to be going on with, and he remains the most significant figure in opera to-day.

Roussalka is romantic rather than barbaric or thrilling, and the music of Dargomijsky is pleasant but conventional; he is not nearly so much of a pioneer as Wagner, who was born in the same year. But if *Roussalka* would not have given us an evening out of the ordinary without Chaliapine, with him it is something that must be heard. And seen, too—for the scenery is beautiful and interesting, and the enthusiasm evoked by an all-too-short glimpse of a ballet proved that the liking for Russian dancing is as strong as it ever was. The orchestra was good, though this music does not put players to so severe a test as the vast difficulties of *The Ring* at Covent Garden. M. Steiman, who comes from Moscow *viâ* Monte Carlo, is an extremely able conductor.

There is obviously much in Sir Thomas Beecham's contention that in order to create a vogue for grand opera London should be given plenty of it. On the evening that *La Fiancée du Tsar* was given at the Lyceum, Covent Garden weighed in with a superb performance of *Die Walküre* and was so packed with people that officials of long experience in the theatre were declaring that it was a record house. Yet the Lyceum was also full. And on that night there was the first Court at Buckingham Palace—an occasion which can generally be reckoned upon to diminish considerably the operatic crowd. Prosperity is for the moment here. So much the better. There *is* a big, a very big following for opera, provided it is done well. But this is absolutely essential: there must be no make-shift or very-good-considering

THE UNFORESEEN: The toast drunk by Miss Barbara Hoffe and Mr. Edgar Norfolk in the new play by Henry Rex (Mrs. Henry King) at the Prince of Wales

touch about it. At present with an artist like Chaliapine at the Lyceum, and Covent Garden giving us first-rate singing and fine orchestral performances, there is no better opera anywhere in the world than we have here in London.

At the Royalty.

Journey's End having achieved phenomenal success (strange that it is almost forgotten now) I was waiting for a play to appear entitled *Lovers' Meetings*. This turned up at the Royalty for a special matinée and had so much promise about it that if it has not been snapped up for a regular run somewhere by this time I shall be surprised. The author's name was not divulged, but I suspect that the author is an authoress, and I should not be surprised to find that that clever and indefatigable couple, the Misses Vera and Esmé Beringer, who were in the cast, had a hand in writing it. It is a little suffragetty and woman's rights in atmosphere, but is none the worse for that and is, indeed, given a pleasantly antiquarian strain on that account. The excuse is that the play deals with the work done by women in the fighting zone during war-time, and with the amorous adventures of ambulance drivers—adventures which are not allowed to interfere with their duties. Miss Marjorie Clark put in some good work, and a perfect character study came from Miss Sydney Fairbrother. Here is a play which would cost very little and, so far as it is humanly possible to judge in such matters, would soon repay the small initial outlay. War plays are like operas—they're all right when they're good, but an annoying form of tedium when they are not.

"The Millionaire Kid."

A Lupino by any other name can dance as well. Gaiety musical-comedies of the post-War brand are permissible when there is a Lupino in them, just as oysters are permissible when there is an "r" in the month. I have not the space here in which to analyse the subtleties of difference between Stanley Lupino and Barry Lupino—indeed, there may be none. But I do know that in *The Millionaire Kid* (by Noel Scott, music by Billy Mayerl, lyrics by Frank Eyton), Mr. Barry Lupino is very good as Mr. Stanley Lupino, and that Mr. Laddie Cliff is as nimble as ever as Mr. Laddie Cliff. Lupini are remarkably funny when they fall about, and not quite so funny when they do not. But the Cliff-Lupino combination manages to put up quite a lot of fun of the knockabout order. The justification of these Gaiety musical shows is that they obviously make people in the audience feel just as jolly as the people on the stage seem to be.

The lack of originality in every single feature of this entertainment is something that I feel inclined to applaud for its very courage. It is said that it requires pluck to be original. I think it requires infinitely more pluck never to be original at all and to try out the same old jokes and the same old dances. Mr. Cliff still wears goggles, dances with brilliant neatness, and rasps out "wise-cracks" that are not very wise. Mr. Cyril Ritchard still has love scenes, quarrels, and reconciliations with Miss Madge Elliott in the intervals between carrying her round the stage to display a wide sweep of silk-clad leg. Miss Elliott has dignity, considerable charm, and a pretty singing voice, and she might with advantage strike out a new line. Miss Vera Bryer, who cannot sing at all, had better keep to her rôle of piquant sprightliness, with occasional dances *à la Russe*, at which she is an adept.

The remainder of the company are useful though, perforce, colourless. Mr. Wyn Weaver, as Lord Devenish, was made up exactly to resemble Lord Berners, and contrived to be amusing to the accompaniment of music Lord Berners would assuredly never have written.

The chorus, male and female, are shapely and agile, and at one moment the dance-producer with a daring burst of the pioneering spirit made them pretend to be a railway train.

OFF DUTY: Miss Anita Elsom (off the stage, Mrs. Prinsep) chats to her favourite chow during a week-end party of which she was the hostess

The PLAY'S *the* THING

A Round of the London Theatres

LOVER AND WIFE: Mr. Nigel Bruce, the £500-a-year-man, and Miss Diana Wynyard, the wife of the millionaire, who forsakes her money-dominated husband—a scene from Lean Harvest

THE MISERABLE MILLIONAIRE: Mr. Leslie Banks, whose performance in Lean Harvest *at the St. Martin's is a thing of brilliance*

THE GUITRYS IN FLAMAND MOOD: Sacha Guitry as Frans Hals and Roumald Joube as Van Dyke at the Theatre de la Madeleine, Paris, the latest historical vehicle for the genius of the French theatre. Inset above on right—*HUSBAND AND WIFE: Mr. Leslie Banks and Miss Diana Wynyard in a poignant moment in* Lean Harvest, *the new Ronald Jeans play at the St. Martin's*

THE WARNING: The Doctor (Mr. E. Vivian Reynolds) warns the millionaire (Mr. Leslie Banks) that his blood pressure is over high—a complaint which culminates in a stroke—a serious moment from Lean Harvest *at the St. Martin's*

THE AMERICAN DISEUSE: Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, who will give six dramatic recitals at the St. James's Theatre next month

RUSSIAN OPERA IN LONDON: The gorgeous scene in the second act of Roussalka *at the Lyceum. The appearance of Feodor Chaliapine—ever a favourite—provoked storms of enthusiasm. This opera was followed by a brilliant performance of Borodin's* Prince Igor

The WORLD of WOMEN

FEET FOREMOST

This very charming lady is choosing a pair of black shoes to complete her attractive black and white ensemble. By courtesy of Lilley and Skinner

The shoes worn by the model are red pythonskin. On the floor is one of the popular hand-plaited sandals, and the beige court shoe is the new bow court design. From Thierry

Emphasizing the vogue of colour contrasts—these black and white and brown and white shoes are extremely chic. The top one is carried out in white buckskin and tan calf and costs 29s. 6d. The lower is in matt kid and has white buckskin with grey lizard facings. Price, 39s. 6d. From Lilley and Skinner

The present craze for colour contrast in our clothes is found also in shoes—black and white, and brown and white combinations are popular forms of footwear. Two very attractive examples are illustrated on this page.

A large variety of new skins is now being utilized; the very latest is salmon skin. They are extremely smart in appearance, but as yet expensive on account of the number of skins that are wasted before perfection is reached. Salmon skin can be dyed to any shade.

Another new skin is American bull frog. This is very hard wearing and has a pleasing texture.

For the evening, crêpe de chine is the favourite medium. Shadow crêpe, similar to the pair illustrated here, are attractive and wear well.

Crepe de chine is still a favourite medium for evening shoes. Here they are carried out in red-grey shadow crepe decorated with splashes of gold. From Thierry

For BED-TIME

Some of the Newest Ideas for the Nursery Bed and an Attractive Coverlet

Charming sheets for the nursery are decorated with contrasting coloured linen to illustrate a favourite nursery rhyme. La Grande Maison de Blanc

This beautiful stitched silk coverlet may be obtained in a variety of pastel shades from £8 5s. La Grande Maison de Blanc

HATS *for* EARLY SUMMER

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

This graceful Chanel frock is carried out in printed georgette. An interesting feature is the narrow bands of pleating which are let into the dress. The hat, which is reminiscent of the last century, is made of Baku and swathed with pale green georgette. Debenham and Freebody

Particularly good for summer days is this hat of pale green linen which is adorned with cut out linen flowers in a delicate shade of pink. The brim is edged also with stitched pink linen. Henry Heath

A becoming hat of fine straw which has the under brim lined with pale pink linen. A wreath of flowers gives a soft line to the forehead and at the back is a ribbon bow. Swan and Edgar

A coarse white straw is used for this charming model, which is trimmed with a wreath of flowers, and has a brim edged with green. Woollands

The very first rays of a summer sun tell us that the little round hats and bérets that are so becoming and comfortable for wintry days must at last be temporarily put aside if we are to preserve our eyesight and keep our face free from unsightly wrinkles. Wide and floppy brims wreathed with flowers or trimmed with the lovely angel-skin ribbon are important features of the new summer millinery. Crowns are shallow, so shallow that in some models elastic has to be worn under the hair to keep them on. The revival of the sailor hat is quite a feature of the season. It frequently has a square-shaped crown and the brim may be wide or narrow. The present vogue of strong colour contrasts is apparent in our millinery, many of our hats being carried out in two and often three different colours.

Broderie Anglaise in a delicate shade of lettuce green is used for this becoming model, and a wreath of flowers as trimming. Marshall and Snelgrove

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The Lure of BELGIUM

by

CLIVE HOLLAND

Although happily the number is increasing yearly, too few of those who spend their holidays year by year at its bright and health-giving seaside resorts know much about Belgium or its many attractions and interesting towns, and the picturesqueness of the Meuse Valley and the quiet loveliness of the Ardennes. But Belgium is wonderfully well worth seeing, and the Belgian National Railways have long realized that travelling facilities at low rates prove an immense attraction to the holiday-maker, and so have provided season tickets for periods of five or fifteen days at extraordinarily low rates, enabling one to travel where and as often as one likes over the whole Belgian system excluding, however, the light railways and tramways. The cost works out, if the tickets are used with any degree of frequency, at a fraction of a penny a mile. The tickets are for first, second, and third class and a deposit of ten francs, or 1s. 2d., has to be made on each ticket, which is refunded, however, on demand at any Belgian railway station provided the ticket is surrendered within twenty-four hours after the date of expiry.

So convenient, indeed, are these tickets that one is tempted to wonder why our own railway companies do not, at least during the holiday season, institute something of the kind.

Very little experience, indeed, is needed to enable tourists to make good use of these Belgian travel facilities, and indeed to plan tours which even in five days will enable them to see quite a lot of Belgium and at least several of its beautiful and ancient towns; while those who can devote fifteen days or more to their tour will be able to return with a very extensive knowledge of this interesting country and its treasures of art and architecture.

A QUARTETTE OF BELGIAN LOVELINESS: Bruges. On left—Louvain: on right—The view from the citadel of Liege; below—A Malines quay

On a holiday of the kind we have in view, first and foremost of the picturesque towns of Belgium claiming the attention of holiday-makers stands undoubtedly Bruges, set on the Flanders plain, a dozen miles or so from the sea coast and but a short distance from that great port of entry, Ostend, which in summer is such a gay, crowded, and interesting seaside resort.

For one who knows and loves the ancient town it is not difficult to write enthusiastically about it, and in a way which may even seem exaggerated to those who have never seen its beauties or fallen under the spell of its charm. Probably most people who see it for the first time with its tree-shaded quays, winding canals, and wealth of architectural beauty and picturesqueness are bewildered, and are deeply impressed by the strangely alluring atmosphere of lingering medievalism which survives even in this materialistic twentieth century.

As one goes along its ancient cobbled byways, almost in the shadow of its famous Belfry, especially at night-time or in the twilight hour, one can well imagine that ghosts might walk. Bruges, in the Middle Ages known as the "Venice of the North," has, indeed, wonderfully preserved its former glamour and distinction. It is still partially surrounded by its ancient walls, and the gates through which Maximilian of Austria entered the city on June 1, 1485, are still used; and then there are the two great churches which alone would give distinction to any city, that of St. Sauveur—nowadays the Cathedral—in which the first knights of the famous Order of the Golden Fleece were installed, an exquisite survival of medieval architecture and a storehouse of many historical and interesting things; and Notre Dame with its wonderful, tapering spire, which one sees so beautifully reflected from many points in the still waters of the Dyver, and especially if one stands on the bridge of the Quai de Rosaire.

Here, too, in Bruges one has art treasures unrivalled by those of any other city. Chief among these are the marvellously beautiful and inestimable works of Hans Memlinc adorning the world-famed *chasse* or reliquary of St. Ursula in the Hôpital de St. Jean, that wonderfully interesting survival of far distant ages; the Groothuis, now used as a museum, containing many interesting things, among them a fine collection of lace dating from the twelfth down to the seventeenth century; the Halles built about the middle of the thirteenth century, and the beautiful Chapel of the Sacred Blood with its exquisite façade and treasured relic.

One should not forget also one of the most charming places in Bruges, the ancient Béguinage buildings on the banks of the Minnewater, that delightful lake, bordered by a shady promenade, where snow-white swans float to and fro. Then there is the Hôtel de Ville, standing on the Place du Bourg, and, for those who are literary or artistic, the old Vlissinghe Tavern, with its picturesque air and charming gables and age-worn tiled roof, and many memories of Rubens, who used to haunt it. These will not be without attractions, and at the latter one can get good coffee and good wine, and rest awhile and smoke and think of other days.

Most people, we fancy, leave Bruges with regret, always meaning to return, and carry away memories of its picturesque Grande Place, so gay by night with its lighted cafés, its music, and crowds of happy holiday folk.

Only half-an-hour or so away lies Ghent, also a very interesting city, in which nowadays medievalism and modernity are in active and obvious conflict. But its tree-shaded quays add much to its picturesqueness, and the survival of many ancient buildings, though more frequently interspersed with modern ones than is the case in Bruges, gives the town great charm.

Ghent, too, has its Belfry of Gothic work dating from 1321–39, dominating the centre of the city and crowned by a huge dragon in gilded copper, which tradition asserts was brought from Constantinople somewhere about 1378. The Carillon is almost as famous as that of Bruges itself, and by many authorities is considered even more musical. Although the Gothic Cloth Hall is small it is rather charming, and is decidedly picturesque. The Hôtel de Ville, which never fails to impress the visitor, is partly flamboyant Gothic and partly Renaissance. In the Château des Comtes the city possesses the last surviving fortified dwelling-house. It was here that Edward III and his Queen Philippa came on a visit to the Burgomaster Jacques Artevelde in 1339, the entertainment of whom and their suite is said to have cost an enormous sum, equal to £200,000 in present day money.

When in Ghent one must surely see the great Cathedral of St. Bavon with its world-famous polytych by Van Eyck, the subject of which is the "Adoration of the Lamb." Then there is the charming Petit Béguinage, with its quaint little houses and beautiful Close.

From Ghent one naturally goes to Brussels, unless one has time and the inclination to make a little diversion to Oudenarde, that quaint little medieval town with its wonderfully ornate Hôtel de Ville, hardly, though smaller, less notable than that of Louvain itself.

In Brussels one immediately plunges into the vortex of modern life in strange contrast at least to that of Bruges. The Belgian capital has not inaptly, from its general characteristics, its life and situation, been called "Little Paris," and certainly it does remind one of the French capital. It is a delightful spot, and is a friendly city, too.

Almost in the centre of the city stands the world-famed Hôtel de Ville. The Grande Place on which it stands is daily the scene of one of the most beautiful flower markets in Europe, and is surrounded by buildings of great charm and historic interest.

Then there is the historic Church of St. Gudule often wrongly described as the cathedral, with its twin towers, approached by a climbing street, and famous for its wonderful and ancient stained glass. One is not long in Brussels before, on the skyline, one gets a glimpse of the Palais de Justice standing at a height facing the Rue de la Régence, and there are many other buildings and interesting things which searchers for antiquity and architecture will discover for themselves. In art collections and pictures Brussels is rich; and the interesting docks and quays, too seldom discovered by the ordinary tourist, are well worth a visit.

Malines lies half way between Brussels and Antwerp and should certainly be a stopping-place, for there is much of interest, historical, architectural, and picturesque, in this ancient city. The great cathedral is one of the most magnificent in Belgium. A day in Malines is well spent for those to whom quaintness, picturesqueness, and architecture appeal. On several of the quays are medieval houses dating back four or five centuries, and the town is rich in churches and intriguing byways.

Antwerp is but a few miles distant and never fails to interest by reason of its busy life and the many fascinating activities of a great port. It is chiefly famous for its cathedral, containing some of the most famous works of Rubens.

The art collections of the city are also of great importance, and the Zoological Gardens not only are interesting in themselves with a fine collection of specimens, but form the centre of social life which enables one to get in touch with the many types of the Antwerp citizens and their families.

Louvain and Liége are easily reached from Antwerp and will repay a visit, the former on account of its beautiful and historic Hôtel de Ville and its picturesqueness, and the latter because it is most wonderfully and picturesquely situated on the River Meuse. From its citadel one gets a marvellous panoramic view of the city below and the windings of the river which divides it into almost two equal halves. Liége forms an excellent starting point from which to explore the lovely valley of the Meuse as far as Namur and Dinant.

Motorists will find the roads of Belgium to-day compare very favourably with those of most continental countries, and much has been done to make them deserve the description of first-class during the last three or four years. And though our tour has been based upon the supposition that the season tickets of the National Railways afford the best means of taking it at one's leisure and at low cost, it can be done equally well by car for those who wish to do so.

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

BELGIUM'S

Belgium has for many years now been the Mecca of those holiday-makers from across the Channel, and most Continental countries, who delight in bracing air, sunshine, and vast expanses of firm yellow sands with unrivalled facilities for safe bathing and sea-shore sports of all kinds. Along the Belgian coastline, almost from Dunkirk on the the west to Sluis and the Dutch Frontier on the east, there have sprung up in many places, amid the sand dunes which border the North Sea, resorts of various sizes, all providing for their visitors splendid opportunities for enjoyment.

Almost in the centre of the coastline stands that queen of Belgian resorts, Ostend, with its magnificent beach, wonderful three-miles-long sea-promenade, or digue, its golf-course, race-course, tennis clubs, and amusements of all kinds, not forgetting its world-famed casino in which are given balls, floral fêtes, carnivals, concerts, operas, and where there is an orchestra famous throughout Europe, and opportunities for tempting the fickle goddess Chance. Ostend, too, can boast some of the finest hotels in Europe, which are in the season crowded with fashionable and well-known people who contribute so largely to the gaiety of its summer season life.

The scene on the beach at the bathing hour is one of extraordinary interest and brilliance. The crowds of bathers in varied-coloured costumes, sun-bathing on the sands or splashing about in the shallow water, form a natural kaleidoscope and impart a brightness and gaiety to the scene which has not a little to do with the attraction that Ostend and other Belgian seaside resorts possess for the holiday-maker, and doubtless accounts for the increasingly large number of English visitors which they annually attract.

The night life of Ostend provides theatrical performances, music-halls, revues, cabarets, and dancing in the various restaurants; and all these without the vexatious restrictions which do so much to damp down the gaiety of London in the season, and of most English seaside resorts.

Blankenberghe, with its wonderful sands three miles in extent, famous for safe bathing, possesses a fine casino, luxurious hotels, and all the attractions of an up-to-date continental resort, including, of course, golf, tennis, and other sports. It may well be called "the sister resort of Ostend" for, except as regards size, it has little to fear from the rivalry of the latter. Blackenberghe has become extremely popular with English people, and, indeed, on a fine summer evening one meets along the magnificent tiled digue numbers, not a few of them well-known and leaders in London Society. Both at Ostend and Blankenberghe, however, the magnificent hotels are supplemented by others of more moderate size but fully up-to-date, for the accommodation of holiday-makers whose purses may not be able to meet the charges of the hotels *de luxe*.

East and west of Ostend and Blankenberghe are other delightful sea-side resorts including Knocke-Zoute, very much in favour with English visitors, where there is a casino, a theatre, golf, tennis, excellent bathing on the magnificent sands, and other seaside amusements, but where the life is frankly of a quieter character and less conventional than at the larger and more fashionable resorts.

Nor must one overlook Côq-sur-Mer, known as "the Flowery Strand" by reason of the attention given by the owners of the various villas to their gardens. Here one has a particularly pleasant little resort set amid the untamed dunes, with shady woods lying a little distance inland, and made bright by its many red-tiled villas, the shutters of which are painted in an amazing variety of bright colours, and some of them with quaint signs in place of names, like those of ancient inns. There is a good tennis club, and an annual Tennis Week, while the links of the Royal Golf Club, which owes its origin to the late King of the Belgians, Leopold II., are among the finest on the Continent. In the vicinity are two good race-courses, at Breedene and Ostend, both easily reached One advantage of Côq-sur-Mer is that the Commune does not impose a *taxe de séjour* on its visitors.

THE UBIQUITOUS ... Ostend, where cameras are ...

Another popular resort east of Ostend is Wenduyne, easily reached from Ostend by electric tram; one of the quieter resorts to which nowadays a very considerable number of English visitors make their way.

Heyst, another resort, which ranks fourth in importance, lying eastward of Ostend, is much frequented by English families, and is quite an up-to-date town with numerous hotels and pensions. There is a fine promenade more than a mile in length, flanked with charming villas and hotels of all classes. The harbour and its fishing fleet with red sails, although some of the boats are motor-driven as well, never fail to prove an attraction to artists and visitors. There

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Golden SANDS

is a well-run casino at Heyst where dances and other entertainments take place during the season, and also there is dancing at several of the hotels. Other attractions are fishing in the canal and sea, and open-air dancing on the digue at night to the strains of a barrel organ!

Close by Heyst is Duinbergen nestling in a hollow of the sand dunes, and forming a kind of suburb to Heyst itself. A small casino in which are given dances, concerts, and other entertainments, excellent and safe bathing, and good hard-court tennis comprise the chief attractions of this quiet and charming little resort.

Westward of Ostend one has several attractive resorts including Mariakerke, now incorporated with Ostend, possessing a fine sandy beach and promenade, and Middelkerke reached by motorists on a fine macadamized road or by electric tram. It is now one of the most popular resorts on the Belgian coast, and although it suffered severely during the War has almost recovered, and has been rebuilt on a most approved plan. It has the distinction of being the largest town on the coast west of Ostend, and has a fine digue nearly eighty feet in breadth. The casino is uniquely situated on a promontory jutting into the sea, and it is around this, the gardens of which are beautified by many flower beds, on the sands below that the principal bathing takes place. During the season concerts and dances are given, and there is also a theatre. The tennis courts are excellent, and the Ostend golf links are easily reached by electric trams.

CAMERA: A scene in to be seen even in the briny

The Images of Heyst and Blankenberghe

Westende, a small resort on the coast, is midway between Middelkerke and Nieuport and at the end of the electric tram system from Ostend. It has been almost rebuilt since the War, and there are a number of hotels and several pensions giving good accommodation for visitors of all classes.

Between Westende and Nieuport is Lombartzyde, somewhat similar in character to Westende. It is a quiet little place with only a few hotels and villas but with an excellent and new eighteen-hole golf course. It is gradually becoming known as one of the quieter but pleasant types of holiday resorts. The dunes here are made more attractive than in many places by the presence of bushes and trees.

Nieuport on the Yser, which figured so largely in the War, is joined to Nieuport-les-Bains, which is a very favourite watering-place with a good beach and some excellent hotels and a casino which was greatly damaged during the War but is being rebuilt on a modern plan, and there are the beginnings of a beautiful park and tennis courts and golf links. Along the Nieuport–Dixmude road much fierce fighting took place and at St. Georges, about two miles outside the town, the last battle of the Yser was fought. Near the Grand Hotel is a monument with the inscription "Here the Invader was brought to a standstill."

La Panne is yet another watering place, very popular with Belgian visitors, possessing a delightful beach, a picturesque sea front with some beautiful woods in the hinterland. It is the last Belgian coast-town before the French frontier. La Panne is, perhaps, the most picturesque of all Belgian seaside resorts largely on account of the woods on its outskirts. The beach is beautifully level and hard, and here one has the sport of sand-yachting at its best. Here the bathing is free—which is not the case at some other places—and there is a good selection of hotels and pensions and villa apartment houses where accommodation is available at very reasonable rates. There is a casino, *cercle privé*, and several cinemas and tennis courts. The digue is one of the most picturesque along the Belgian coast. And there are a number of furnished villas set amid the sand dunes which are to be rented for periods of not less than a month, which are much in favour with families of English visitors.

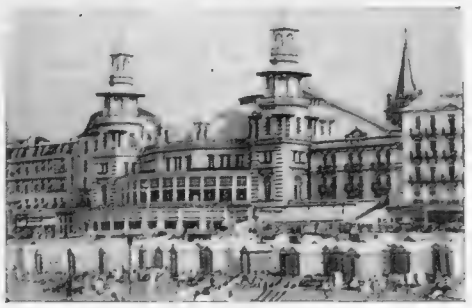
There are a number of historic towns in the hinterland of Nieuport-les-Bains and La Panne which are well worth seeing because of their historic interest. One of these is Furnes, the Belgian headquarters during the War, and greatly damaged during the bombardment. It is still an interesting old town with a fine Grand Place with a row of gabled houses on the northern side. The Hôtel de Ville has a renaissance façade dating from 1596 and a fine portal.

Here a most interesting Flemish festival, known as the "Procession of Penitence," takes place on the last Sunday in July, and to this country people flock from many miles around, and give the tourist an opportunity of studying Flemish types, and seeing something of their life.

Then, reached through a countryside very typical of Flanders where one has not quite got away from the salt freshness of sea and the semblance of sand dunes in the low hills although turf covered, lies Dixmude formerly an

(*Continued on following page*)

BLANKENBERGHE



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BRUSSELS	,,	10.29 p.m.
METZ	,,	12§59 p.m.
FRANKFORT	,,	10.0 p.m.
STRASBOURG	,,	2a45 p.m.
BALE	,,	†4.52 p.m.
MILAN	,,	5*50 a.m.
ROME	,,	†7.0 p.m.

† Arrives 3.30 p.m. June 20th to October 2nd.
§ Arrives 11.59 a.m. ,, ,, ,, ,, ,,
a Arrives 1.45 p.m. ,, ,, ,, ,, ,,
* Arrives 11.45 p.m. ,, ,, ,, ,, ,,

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LMS

THE CENTRE OF AN HEROIC CITY: Place St. Lambert, in the old town of Liége

BELGIUM'S *Golden* SANDS

(Continued from page 411)

interesting and picturesque little town which was heroically defended in October, 1914, by the Belgian and French troops. After its capture it became a nest of German batteries, several guns of which are to be still seen in the country immediately round about, including a 14-in. gun known as "Long Max of Moere," with which the Germans bombarded Dunkirk at a range of twenty-eight miles. The town has now been almost entirely rebuilt, and much of it in the ancient style, so that in a few years people will hardly recognize that it is not an old town. There are many War cemeteries in the immediate neighbourhood.

One reaches world-famed Ypres along a typical Flanders road through a flat countryside. Anciently one of the chief cities of Flanders, and with a long past trading connection with England, Ypres became the greatest "storm centre" of the War. Its famous Hôtel de Ville and Cloth Hall, dating from the thirteenth century, its great Cathedral and practically, indeed, the entire city were reduced to a heap of rubble. It has been very largely rebuilt, and the Cathedral has been re-erected upon the original plan at great cost. The greatest interest to-day in the town, which has happily many of its principal houses re-erected in their original style, is the magnificent memorial, the Menin Gate, consisting of a double archway with vaulted walls, with a total length of 130 ft., and an internal width of 166 ft., erected to the countless British soldiers who fell in the Ypres salient during the War. On the walls of the Gate are inscribed the names of 56,000. There are also the remains of the old ramparts rising 20 or 30 ft. above the moat or canal, which are interesting from the fact that they are tunnelled and cut into deeply by "dug-outs," and were used as observation posts for the British artillery. One of the great cemeteries of the late War, that of Tyne Cot, lies a few miles east of Ypres, where there is a memorial to the thousands of British dead who lie buried there. Ypres is, indeed, one of the best centres from which to visit the Belgian battlefields. With such attractions and places of historic and sentimental interest as we have detailed, the Belgian coast is a happy holiday ground for tens of thousands.

C. H.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in Belgium, by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

"THE ROLLING ENGLISH ROAD."—Some time ago it was suggested that all bends on our main roads should be banked. Immediately the idea was ventilated in the Press, the correspondence columns of the papers were flooded with letters deploring the fact that the main roads of England were to be converted into racing tracks like Brooklands. This storm was not unexpected, and in time the whole suggestion appeared to have been shelved. Our surveyors, however, have not gone asleep nor have they taken any notice of the protests from those people whose one serious idea was to see their name in print. I find that in many places corners are being given a certain amount of banking, and this is particularly the case on the Portsmouth Road where much road-widening is still in progress. The angle of the banking is not very great, and unless one is taking the various corners quickly this new development on our main roads would probably pass unobserved. There is no reason why this improvement should not have been carried out a long time ago as the rain water can drain off just as easily as was the case when roads were given a camber on each side. Banking undoubtedly prevents skids which more often than not take place at corners. It also assists the speeding-up of traffic, a desideratum which should be the aim of every road authority.

OBSTRUCTIONISTS.—In mentioning the speeding up of traffic I am more convinced than ever that the crawling taxi-cab is responsible for much of the congestion which takes place in the streets of London. I believe there is some regulation which forbids these vehicles adopting this practice, but from my observation I would say that the slow-moving taxicab is seen more to-day than ever before. When the Minister of Transport gives us an impression that he is at his wits' end to know how to relieve congestion it is amazing that he has not jumped on the drivers of these taxi-cabs for causing much of the trouble which he desires to remove. Again on the open road we have the counterpart of the crawling taxicab. Wherever I go I find some private car being driven along at 15 m.p.h. The result is, and it would be seen from an aeroplane, that the traffic resolves itself into a whole series of processions headed in each case by one of these loiterers. If I had anything to do with the police I would make an example of some of these obstructionists, for as I have said on many occasions they are driving dangerously. This must surely be the opinion of everyone who has studied the traffic problem, for the whole aim and object of every regulation and law, so far as the roads are concerned, should be to induce the traffic on the road to move as fast as possible with safety. Anything, therefore, which holds up the flow should either be speeded up or removed altogether.

THE LUGGAGE PROBLEM.—Recently I had occasion to carry luggage and various other articles in my car and I have found myself confronted with a problem which has baffled me. The car in question is quite a roomy four-seater, in fact I think I might call it a five-seater. So long as I carry no one in the rear seats quite a useful amount of space is available for the impedimenta, but I found that even such a harmless article as a suitcase can ruin the leather upholstery on any seat during a journey of fifty miles. The spare wheel on my car is carried at the rear, and no luggage grid is, therefore, fitted. Having these troubles of my own, I have examined other cars as they have passed me by, and it seems to me that very few cars have a commodious luggage carrier. Whilst manufacturers

(Continued on following page)

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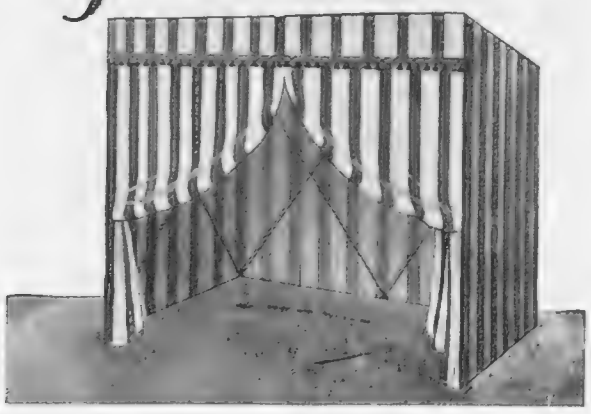

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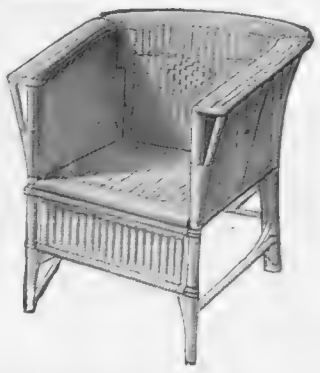

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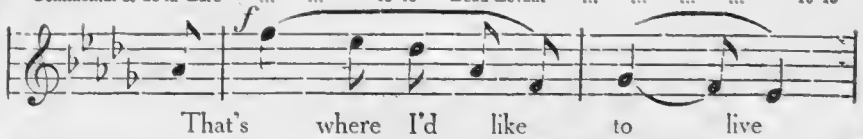

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Haves.

The PETROL World — (cont.)

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

have been devoting much time to the comfort of the people who will ride in their cars, it seems to me that they have completely overlooked the fact that driver and passengers very frequently require to take luggage with them. After all we should not think much of our railway companies if no luggage van formed part of the Irish Mail or the Flying Scotsman. What an outcry there would be if the luggage of the passengers could only be accommodated on the racks over the seats! Yet in most instances this is equivalent to what we are asked to do in a motor-car. True, we do not expect a luggage van on a tube train, but I contend that the modern motor-car can be more faithfully likened to the long distance rather than the suburban train. Might I suggest, therefore, that car manufacturers should give more attention to this subject than they appear to have done in the past?

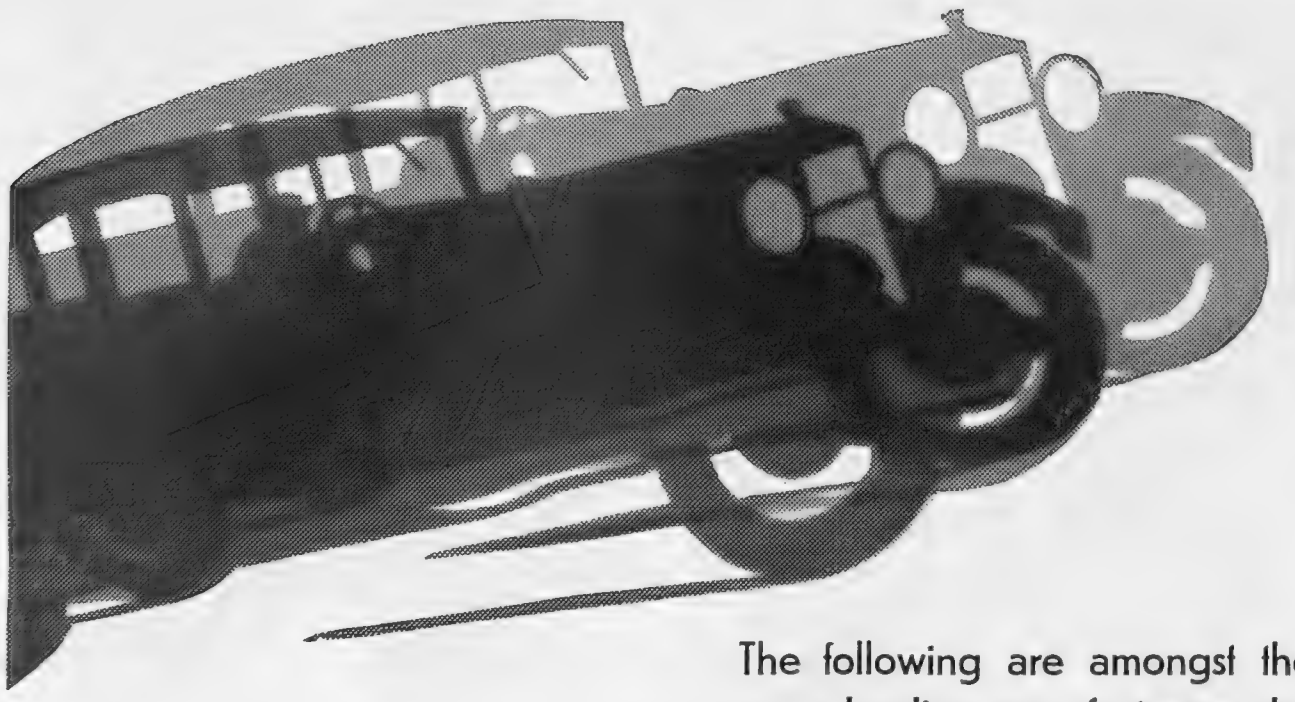
BLISSLESS IGNORANCE.—I was at a very pleasant little lunch the other day at the Savoy which was given by the M.G. Car Company so that the successful drivers in the recent Double-Twelve Hours Race could forgather and meet some of their friends. Sir William Morris, Bart., in presiding, told us one amusing incident which shows the extraordinary difficulties with which a modern motor manufacturer has to contend when dealing with the very wide public which uses his products. He was saying that no matter how good the M.G. car may have been in this particular event they would have got nowhere unless they had good drivers. To illustrate his point he told us that not so long ago he received a complaint from a man who had bought a Morris Cowley and who after a month found that the lights and the self-starter ceased to function. This driver wrote to say that he thought he had bought a good motor-car but was disgusted to think that such important components should let him down whilst the car was practically new. Sir William had the complaint investigated, and in due course the irate owner presented himself and his car at the works. When much of his wrath had been spent the works manager was able to get in a word. He asked the owner if he had done anything to the electrical equipment and the reply came back that every part had had the most devoted attention. The owner added that every morning regularly he had removed the vent-plugs on the top of the accumulators and had oiled them copiously with the very efficient oil-can supplied with the car.

To the horror of the works manager he found the accumulators bubbling over with lubricant, but unfortunately Sir William did not go any farther with the story, so I am unable to add how the conversation continued. This example certainly shows that the manufacturer of to-day has every reason to make his car as fool-proof as possible. In the old days no one was a motorist unless he were mechanically and usually electrically minded, but in these modern times more than half of the people who drive motor-cars have not the faintest idea why it is when they press a button, push a pedal, and pull a lever they suddenly sail forward. Personally I think hey must lose a lot of enjoyment which a motor-car gives to those of us who can appreciate what is happening under the bonnet.

THE RILEY "ARMY" MODEL: A new edition of the well-known Riley Nine, which is the exact replica of the cars supplied to the War Office. The ground clearance is 11½ in. and the car has an amazing performance on "rough stuff," yet is capable of 60 m.p.h. It is listed at £310

POINTS OF INTEREST.—The car which Douglas Fairbanks gave to Mary Pickford as a birthday present when she arrived in England was a 20/25 h.p. Rolls-Royce with a Sedanca de Ville body. Mr. Fairbanks himself went to Barker's while the car was being completed, and watched the finishing touches being made. The car is painted in black with a thin white line, and is upholstered in plain fawn cloth with chromium and ivory fittings, and has veneered walnut panels. There are deep doors and a very low floor, and although the car will go back to America it has right-hand steering. The latest safety features are fitted, such as Triplex glass throughout, dipping head-lamps and bumpers.

It is a matter of considerable disappointment that the great 10,000 Kilomètres Trial organized by the Automobile Club of Germany should be practically ignored by the British motor trade. Only one British concern is to be represented, Mrs. Montague Johnstone and Mr. Donald Healey having both entered 6-cylinder Alpine Rileys. While these entries will doubtless uphold the prestige of the industry in this country, the conspicuous absence of further representation is a serious reflection on the enterprise of our manufacturers. The trial in question offers unique opportunities for valuable propaganda. The 6,000-mile course is set through every important country in Europe, and the event therefore takes the form of a huge travelling motor show. While the industry is casting far afield in an attempt to establish its products in foreign and colonial markets, it is strange that this event, coming practically to its door-step, should be ignored. Despite rapid road development and extending markets overseas, Europe is still the richest harvest field for the motor-trader, and is likely to remain so for some years to come. It seems deplorably short-sighted to overlook such opportunities of proving our products to our near neighbours.



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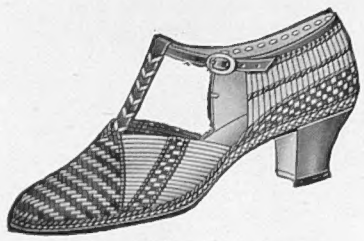

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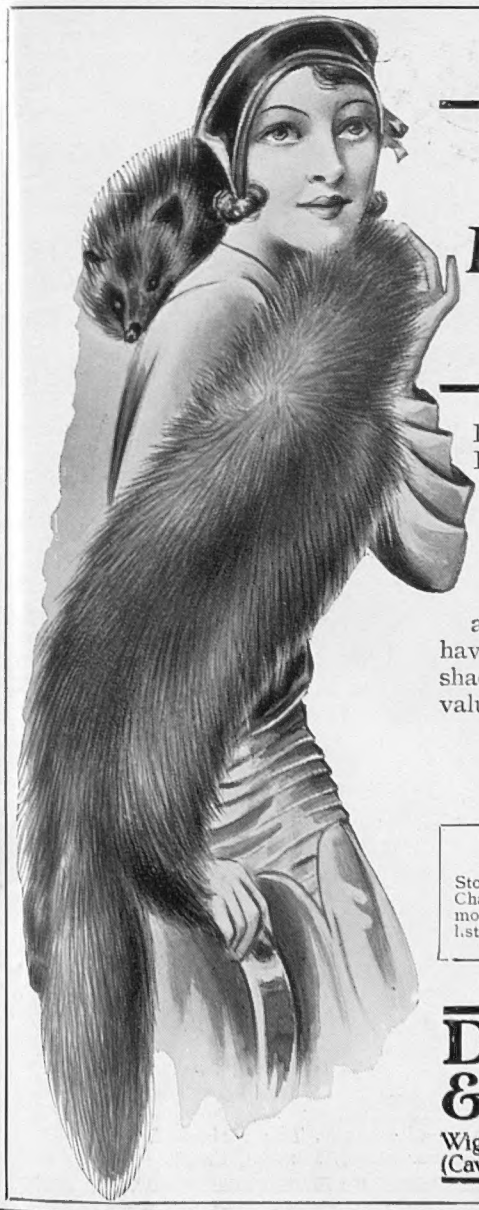

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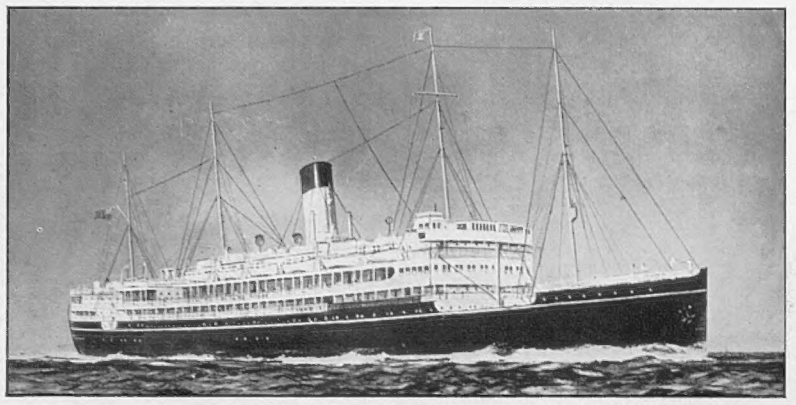
NOTES AND NEWS

THE BIBBY LINE

The new motor-vessel *Worcestershire*, a singularly beautiful ship, is the latest of a series of four twin-screw passenger vessels brought into the Bibby Line service from Liverpool. On the termination of her maiden voyage the owners gave a luncheon on board to a number of invited guests who, were full of admiration for the spacious public rooms arranged on the upper promenade deck, the handsome drawing-room being in the Adams style, with period furniture, and the lounge in Georgian style especially furnished to fit in with the general scheme of decoration. The smoke-room and the dining-saloon were equally admired for the verandah on the former of which the sea air can be enjoyed in the roughest weather. The whole of the accommodation is amidships. By the Bibby Patent Tandem Cabin arrangement, the rooms are light and airy, each cabin having a port-hole on to the side of the vessel. The cabins are fitted with bedsteads, thus eliminating super-imposed berths. More than the usual social and living amenities and more than the usual safety-devices make a cruise on this ship a delight.

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

At the end of the short Enz valley railway (Enztalbahn) which joins the main Paris–Vienna line at Pforzheim (forty-five minutes by car from the aerodrome at Stuttgart–Böblingen and Karlsrühe) lies Wildbad in the midst of wooded mountains. Wildbad, the Bath and Air Spa, visited by people from all parts of the world, has been known for 600 years and, apart from sports and other entertainments, it offers all modern facilities for taking many cures. The hot natural healing springs of Wildbad with their unexcelled curative results in cases of rheumatism, gout, ichias, and paralysis, and with their rejuvenating effects, have given Wildbad the name "German Fountain of Youth." These springs have the advantage that the water, rising from granite, flows through numerous boreholes directly into the bathing establishments built over them so that one bathes actually in the springs themselves. This is rendered possible by the fact that the spring water rises from the granite stratum at a temperature equal to that of the human body, and need, therefore, be neither heated nor cooled. This is most important for the cure, preventing, as it does, the otherwise unavoidable escape of precious gases. The Sommerberg plateau with its Spa Hotels is conveniently reached in a few minutes by the cable railway from the middle of the town. Wildbad offers numerous opportunities for sports such as fishing in the Enz (one of the best trout waters in the world), tennis, golf (on a small private course), archery, and table tennis. Entertainment is provided by a theatre, an excellent orchestra, reading and card rooms, as well as by artistic and social gatherings of different kinds. Facilities for accommodation range from the first-class hotel to the single private room.



M.-V. *WORCESTERSHIRE*: The latest of a series of four passenger vessels brought into the Bibby Line service from Liverpool to run to Marseilles, Egypt, Sudan, Colombo, Rangoon, Southern India, and Straits Settlements

A PLACE OF HEALTH: The entrance to the sanatorium at Wildbad in the Black Forest, known widely for its curative properties as the Fountain of Youth

THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY

The Theatrical Garden Party, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, will be held this year on Tuesday, June 16, from 3 to 7 p.m., in the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea. Further details will be announced at an early date.

THE ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW IN HOLLYWOOD

However much Hollywood may be making its impression on the rest of the world, Britain has two very strong influences in the film city—the English tailor and the English motor-car. No male star would wear American clothes if he could get the authentic London cut of a Savile Row tailor. That is why they buy suits by the hundred when they come to England. And no star of either sex would have anything but a Rolls-Royce. It was, of course, a Rolls that Douglas Fairbanks — playing golf at Westward Ho—sent to Southampton to meet Mary Pickford when she arrived this week.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The eighty-eighth annual meeting of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship will be held at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.1, on Thursday afternoon, June 11, at three o'clock. H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, G.B.E., will present the prizes sent by H.M. the Queen. Speakers: Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty, P.C., G.C.B., O.M., etc., etc., and Lady Martin-Harvey. The children will give musical selections, rhythmic dances, and a gymnastic display. Tickets for reserved seats, 2s. 6d. each, may be obtained from the headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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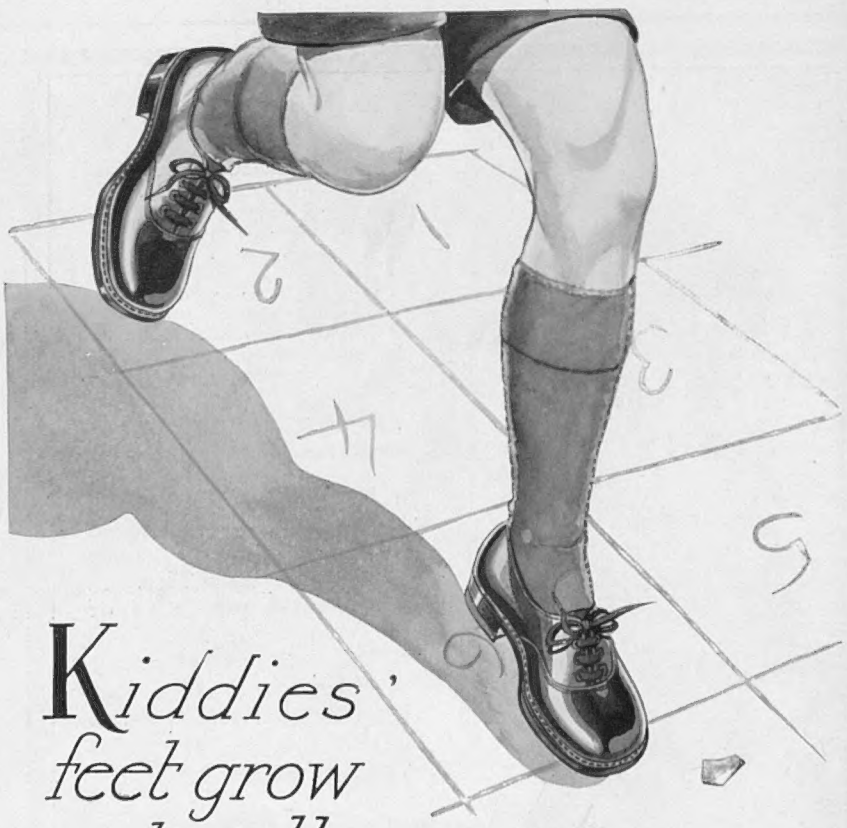

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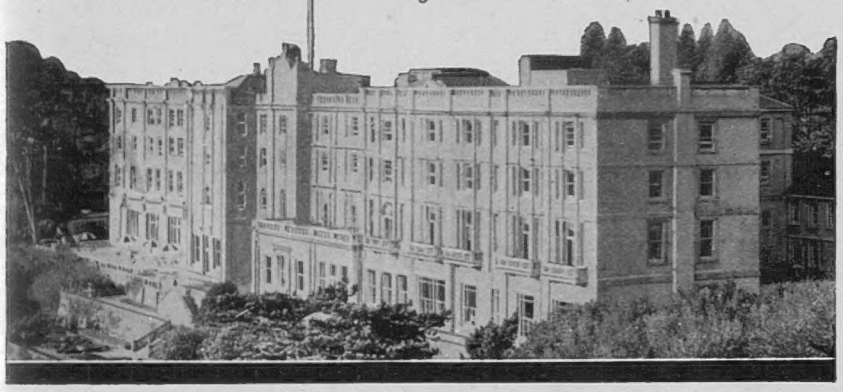

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